1921

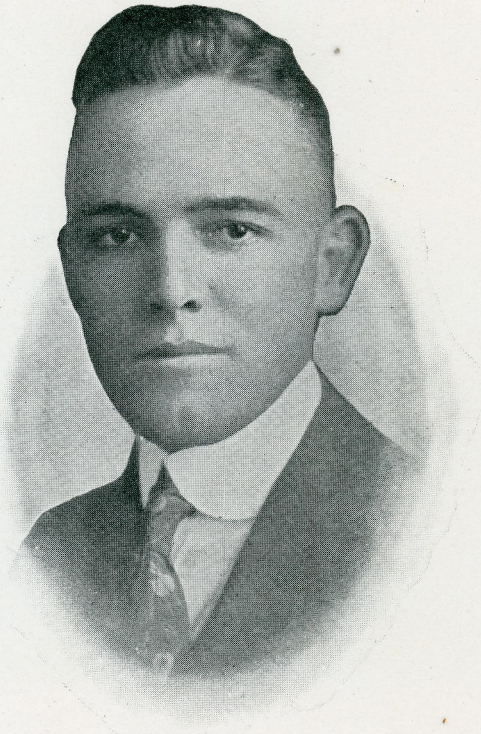


Salamagundi

..THE..
SALAMAGUNDI
1921



Published by The Senior Class of
The Sanford High School



MR. OGILVIE

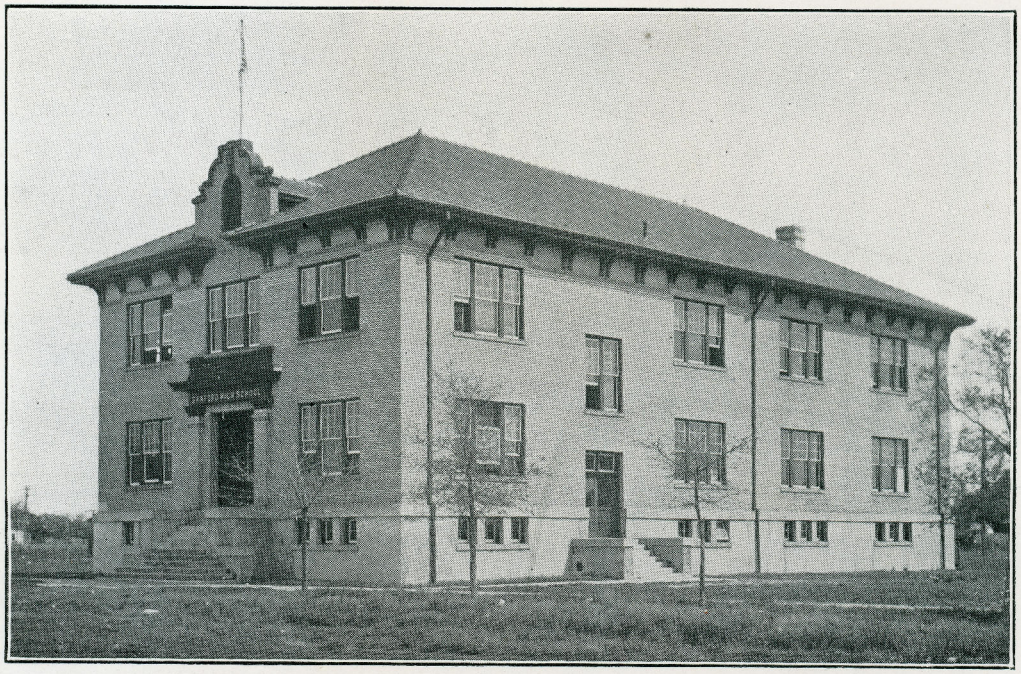
Principal

Salamagundi

TO MR. C. S. OGILVIE

In appreciation of his vital interest
and enthusiastic work in our School
we dedicate our Annual.

Salamagundi



"Education—a debt due from present to future generations."—Peabody.

"Education teaches men to behave as they would not otherwise behave."—Emerson.

Salamagundi



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County Superintendent

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Curtis Barber.....Business Manager
Velma Venable.....Ass't Editor-in-Chief
Sara Warren Easterby.....Ass't Business Manager
Ruby Hart.....Joke Editor
Marion Dieterich.....Art Editor
Vivian Crosby.....Literary Society Editor
Otis Cobb.....Circulation Manager
Rowena Otwell.....Auditorium Notes
Julia Laing.....Alumni
Newton Lovell.....Boy's Athletic Editor
Mina Howard.....Girls' Athletic Editor
Byron Stephens.....Cartoonist

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Bertram Shepherd.....Junior Class Reporter
Mae Holly.....Sophomore Class Reporter
Mary Stanley.....Freshman Class Reporter
Miss Muriel.....Faculty Advisor

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MRS. R. C. MAXWELL, A. B.
Latin and Shorthand

SARA E. MURIEL, A. B.
English

MRS. JOHN G. LEONARDI, Ph. B.
History and Spanish

ELIZABETH HUMPHRIES,
History

IDA M. GRAY,
Mathematics

FRIENDSHIP

What would you, my friend, call Frienship,
If t'were left for you to say?
Would you call it just a plaything—
Something bought to cast away?

It is something that you work for—
As you journey down life's way—
Or does each one have a friendship
Given him by God someday?

Here's my explanation of it,
Although you may know it well,
Friendship is the thing that's dearest,
Dearer far than words can tell.

M. R. '21


S.H.S.
S'LONG
OLE
S.H.S.
THE
WORLD
SENIOR
SENIORS
1921
Stephens-21

Salamagundi



CHARLES HENDERSON

"Charlie"

President

He is a good natured blond, who follows very faithfully the motto: "Don't Worry." Time is nothing to Charlie. It's far better pleasure to know him than to "read about" him, as his many friends will tell you. "Well, I'll declare!"

Manager Basket Ball (4); Base Ball (3-4); Secretary and Treasurer A. A. (4); Track (4); Boys' Quartet (4); Literary Society (3-4); Class Play (4); A. A. (3-4).

MARION DIETERICH

"Babe"

Vice-President

Here's one who never troubles trouble, but meets you with a smile. She is everyone's friend and is always ready to help a friend, and when she says, "Sure I'll help all I can," you may rest assured that it will be done well, as her record and grades will show. "Who'd have thunk it?"

Literary Society (3-4; Vice-President Class (4); Sally Staff (Art Editor) (4); A. A. (3-4); President Literary Society (First term) (4); S. A. L. Club (4).

Mary Eula Dyson

Secretary

She is always laughing and talking, ever up to some foolishness. She does a lot of work in spite of this, and is one of our Latin "sharks", also a "shark" in the art of always being jolly by which she has made many friends in school.

Secretary and Treasurer of Class (4); Literary Society (3-4); Class Play (4).

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OTIS COBB

Here is a boy who possesses many of the characteristics of the Irish. He is a happy-go-lucky chap and by his ready wit and humor has afforded many a good hearty laugh, which merit our live and best wishes for him. "I should sh-ay so."

Class Treasurer (4); Sally Staff (Circulation Manager) (4); A. A., (1-2-3-4); Literary Society (1-3-4); Class Play (4).

KATHLEEN BRADY

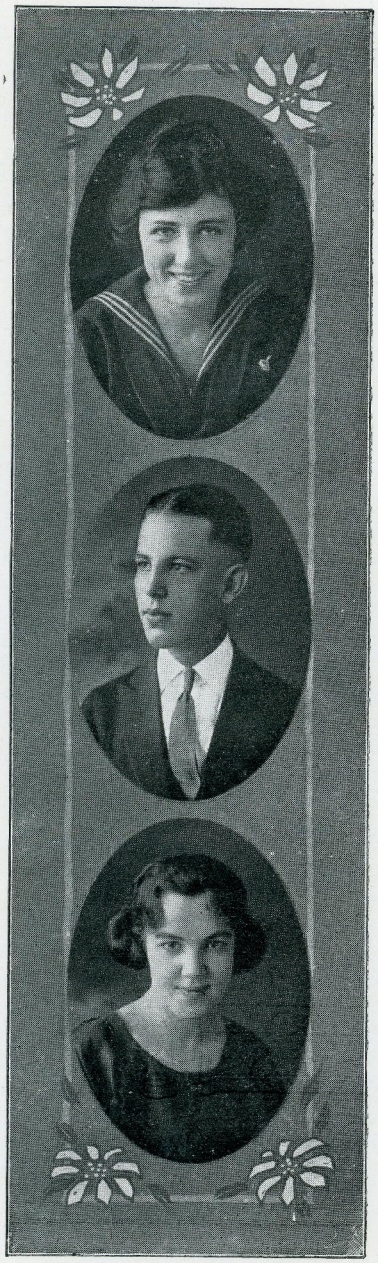
If smiles affect the heart, Kathleen does not seem to know it, for she smiles in English, she smiles in Psychology, she smiles in Geometry. There's no premium on them, they're free for all who will but notice them. "Smile and the world smiles with you," that's Kathleen. Literary Society (4); Class Play (4) S. A. C. Club (4).

CURTIS BARBER

"Kink"

Here is one of our all around men. He is a good scholar, and an enthusiastic athlete. It goes without saying that he is liked by all who know him for he is of that "get-up and get" type which is so popular. "Well that's all right ain't it?" President of Class (3); Foot Ball (3); Basket Ball (3-4); President Literary Society (Second term)); Business Manager Sally Staff (4); Boys' Quartet (4); A. A. (1-2-4); Class Play (4).

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VIVIAN CROSBY

A good student, with a world of common sense, energy and enthusiasm. It is her purpose to have a good time as she goes along and incidentally, show the lordly sex that she humors none of them.

Class Treasurer (2); Class Secretary (3); Reporter Literary Society (4); Class Play (4).

WALTER CONNELLY
"Lily"

Not a song bird but always singing or whistling some popular tune in a good humor. He has the honor of being one of those fellows who can make friends with every one. Anything that he starts he will finish, and is one of the few who really has "school spirit", for he is always trying to help keep our School up to the standard.

Literary Society (4); Member Athletic Directors (4); Class Play (4); A. A. (4).

HELEN CHORPENING

Here is a pleasant little girl from the country. She has made many friends among the faculty as well as in the student body by the thoroughness of her work and the kindness and patience of her demeanor. Literary Society (1-2-3-4).

Salamagundi



ANNIE BELL DYSON

Here comes smiling Annie Bell. She is a brilliant student and a stenographer "to be"; a little reserved but ever loyal to friends, and ther're a host of them. Now Annie Bell, don't blush because we know you are very sentimental.

Literary Society (3-4; Class Play (4).

SARA WARREN EASTERBY

(Did you say—stringbeans?) That is in parenthesis so please do not notice it. She's really a fine old partner with both boys and girls, for she is an athlete, a dancer, and ever a joker. "Now ain't that hang!"

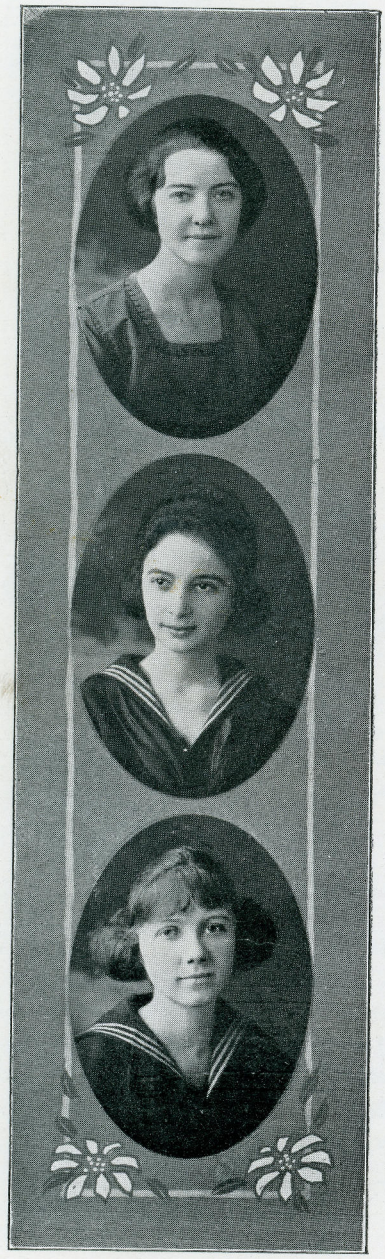
Basket Ball (3-4); Captain (4); Literary Society (1-2-3); Secretary Literary Society (4); Member of Athletic Directors (4); Sally Staff (Ass't Business Manager) (4); A. A. (3); Vice-President A. A. (4).

MARTHA GARRISON

Another of our twins. The question among us has always been, "Which wears glasses, Martha or Mary?" At last the above picture will solve the problem, it is Martha. She has been an honest and earnest student of S. H. S. Good Luck! to you, Martha, in all future enterprises.

Literary Society (12-3-4).

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MARRY GARRRISON

"Little in statue but big of heart," and always ready to help a friend in need. She is a happy, giggling little girl whose great ambition will soon be satisfied; to graduate from S. H. S.

Literary Society (1-2-3-4).

RUBY HART

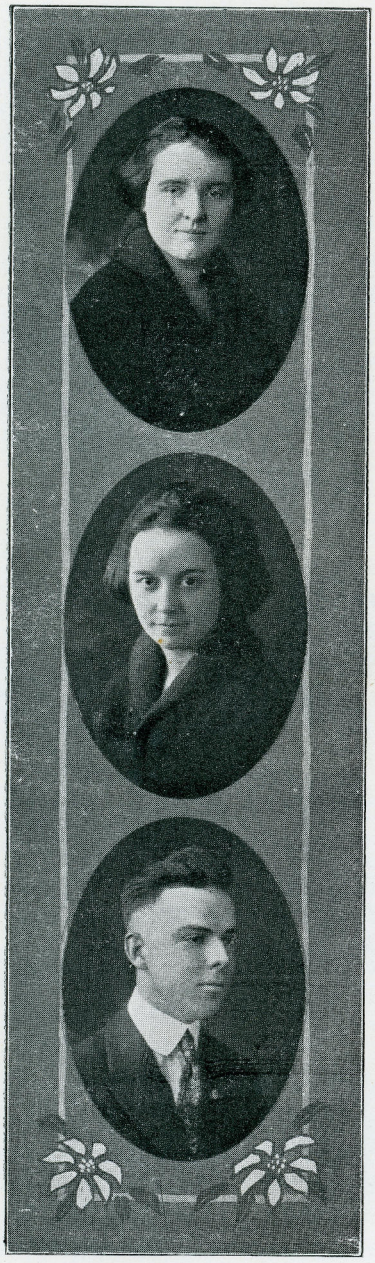
This dark haired little girl pursues her studies with a vigor that never fails to bring forth praise from her teachers, and sly "How does she do it?" from her class-mates. Although quiet, she has numerous friends.

Literary Society (1-2-3-4); Sally Staff (Joke Editor) (4); Class Play (4).

MARY ELIZABETH HOOLEHAN

Some have accused her of being sober, but that is because they do not know her. For a real little worker Elizabeth is a true example. She lives up to the rule, "Silence is more eloquent than words."

Salamagundi



MINA HOWARD

Here is a girl we are sure would make a great actress for she can adopt herself to any time or place and fool them all, (boys, of course). She often amuses her class-mates by giving speeches from Shakespeare. She is called "Skinny" by her more intimate friends and ther're a host of them.

Class President (2); Literary Society (1-2-4); Manager Girls' Basket Ball (4); Class Play (4); Athletic Director (4); A. A. (1-2-4); Sally Staff (Girls' Athletic Editor) (4); S. H. L. Club (4).

MILDRED KENNEDY

Here is just the little lady you are looking for. She is a laughing, winking, blushing lass, admired by all, and admiring all, but some a little more than others, though all get their share.

Literary Society (4); Class Play (4).

NEWTON LOVELL

Who uttered the famous expression, "He is little but he's loud"? He don't know, but we're sure he was thinking of our class-mate Newton at the time. A glance at his record will show you that he is a popular and jolly chap. "So help me Hanner!"

Literary Society (3-4); President A. A. (4); Foot Ball (3); Basket Ball (3-4; Class Play (4); Athletic Directors (4); Sally Staff (Boys' Athletic Editor (4); Swimming Team (4); Boys' Quartet (4); A. A. (3-4).

Salamagundi



JULIA LAING

Ah, the fates have been kind to us indeed. Through this frame you gaze upon our musical genius. Julia has played for us every morning in chapel this year. Success and fame and soul-inspiring satisfaction await her, for she is blessed with the gift of music.

President Class (1); Secretary Class (2); Secretary Literary Society (3-4); Assistant Pianist (1-2-3); Pianist (4); Class Play (4).

JOHN W. MUSSON

"Johnny"

Here is a quiet, good natured fellow who has won many friends among his class-mates. He is an energetic, clean-cut fellow, taking great interest in athletics as well as in his studies. We are sure his motto is "I can and I will" and if he continues to live up to it we predict nothing but success for him.

Class Treasurer (3); Basket Ball (3); Captain (4); Captain Swimming (3); (4); Literary Society (1-2-3-4); Track Team (4); Orchestra (3); Boys' Quartet (4); Athletic Directors (4); Sally Staff (Editor-in-Chief) (4); A. A. (1-3-4).

Class Colors: Blue and Gold

Class Motto: "Labor Omnia Vincit"

Class Counsellor: Miss Muriel

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ROWENA OTWELL

Here is a girl who came to us from the clay hills of Georgia. She has proved one of the most conscientious workers in our class, and by her genial manners and pleasant smile has won many friends.

Sally Staff (Chapel Notes) (4); Literary Society (4).

VELMA VENABLE

Silent and thoughtful she wends her way through life, ever in search of knowledge. Though quiet she has a good sense of humor and has proved to be a desirable comrade.

Sally Staff (Assistant Editor-in-Chief) (4); Literary Society (1-2-3-4).

THE BLUE AND GOLD

Why did we choose the colors blue and gold? We chose blue because it signifies truth and honesty, the ideal we wished our class to follow. By the beauty and purity of blue we wished t oexpress the sentiments of our class. We chose gold for its real worth and value and we wanted it to express our wish to be of real worth and value to our school and city. Because of the brightness and fineness of gold we wished this color to express the cheerfulness and honest endeavor of the class of '21. —V. V., '21.

Salamagundi

S. H. S. GIFTS TO GRADUATES

It has always been the custom for a senior class to make some provision during the last days of its life for the distribution after its departure among the heirs who survive the final examinations of that year of the various properties and personal belongings which make up its estate. The matter of this final inevitable departure and consequent distribution, we have been seriously considering for some time. But imagine our surprise yesterday when we discovered that there was an entirely unsuspected third party interested in our procedings. This is how it happened:

We had just been saying: "Of course, Julian Laing will leave the piano to Charlotte Smith" when we suddenly perceived that walls not only have ears, but voices, and sometimes rather taunting ones, as well.

"That's just like those Seniors," the voice said. "They think they're really going away where they won't need the things that this high school has given them, guess they think it's heaven there getting to—Pshaw! They don't know half yet."

By that time we were getting somewhat interested. I guess that if walls had ears they'd heard lots to make them think. Anyway this old high school seemed to have been meditating some and now it didn't stop talking.

"H'm, they'll need a few more of my gifts yet. Let's see. Wonder what I'd best do for them. 'Course I'll try to see that each one gets a diploma, but I'd rather give each of them something more inspiring.

"Now, Walter Connelly made good use of the vaulting pole. I'll give him that to help him over the difficult and dangerous places on the road to success."

"And Rowena Otwell ought to have all the half used pencils and notebooks that she may always be prepared to write those stories as they flash into her mind. She'll probably be a great authoress.

"To Otis Cobb I'll give all the clippings from my papers and magazines which tell something about the death of McSwinney for he will surely write a history of the Irish Republic.

"Ruby Hart shall have all the cooking utensils in the Chemistry Lab. I understand she will have use for them in the very near future.

"The study hall clock has been good company for several years and I hate to part with it, but Charlie Henderson must be reminded not to be more than one hour late at any one time.

"To Mina Howard I'll give the chemistry scales that she may be able to weigh herself daily and so tell when she is losing weight.

"To Curtis Barber, the 'Romances of American Writers,' if he will only profit by them and not ask for too many dates.

"To Vivian Crosby, all books on 'Character Reading by Sight' that she may not flirt with the wrong fellow.

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"For Sara Warren Easterby there's a book entitled 'Complete Banking' for I fear she is likely to have to help with some very difficult banking questions.

"Julia Laing might have the piano with the understanding that she play it every morning at 8:30 sharp for two years.

"To John Musson I'll hand over all the broken and discarded compasses and rulers of the geometry classes hoping that he may be able to use them in future work.

"To Mildred Kennedy, all the bolts and screws that have fallen from the different chairs in school that they may help repair certain automobiles.

"Now Kathleen Brady must have a year's subscription to that popular and useful magazine called 'Ford Owner' for it will probably be only a short time before she will own one or More.

"Velma Venable may have all the English books that she may fully instruct herself to fill a place on the faculty of this school.

"For Helen Chorpening I can secure a position as stenographer with the understanding that she does not try to vamp her employer.

"To Marion Dieterich I'll give that wee little chair in the Spanish room that it may be her very own so she will not have to 'fight' over it.

"To Anna Belle Dyson, because of her extraordinary love of souvenirs, all compositions and essays of all the seniors of '21.

"To Martha Garrison, a large red ribbon with the understanding that she wear it so her friends can tell her from Mary.

"To Mary Elizabeth Hoolehan, all magazines and clippings which have any reference to 'Woman's Suffrage,' that she may prepare herself for public life.

"To Mary Eula Dyson, one perfectly good typewriter, provided she hold one position for eight consecutive months.

Newton Lovell may have the vaulting standards to use as wireless towers when he becomes a wireless operator.

"All the jokes and sayings of last year's 'LIFE' and 'JUDGE' are for Mary Garrison, provided she will not giggle over them.

—M. D. and J. M., '21.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

We have at last reached our senior year in high school and as graduation is almost here, we look back to four years ago when this class of 1921 entered the high school as freshmen. At the beginning of the freshman

year there were thirty-six of us. And there were many trials for us such as being initiated and struggling with our studies including Latin, English, Mathematics and Science. In our first year we selected our motto: "Labor Omnia Vincit"; our class flower the "Chrysanthemum," and our class colors, blue and gold.

As we entered upon our Sophomore year, although our studies were hard, we managed to find time to see that the new freshmen were properly broken to their new experience of high school life. But with the help of our counsellor and advisor, Miss Gordon, we finally succeeded in completing our sophomore year, and looked forward with great interest to the time when we would be seniors, which now seemed nearer than ever before.

Vacation passed very quickly and soon we found ourselves back at our studies in the junior year. At the end of this term we gave a banquet for the graduating class instead of the reception which had been customary. This banquet was given at the Valdez Hotel on Thursday night of Commercement Week. It proved a success and was enjoyed by all present.

With the beginning of the 1920 and 1921 term of school we find ourselves at last in the senior class and look forward to completing our course in high school. All members of the class have been very busy with our Salmagundi and studying for our class play. Miss Muriel has charge of our Salmagundi work and has spent much of her time to help us put out a good annual. Our play is being directed by Mrs. Maxwell, who has taken much interest in trying to make it a success. We think that our time spent in Sanford High School has been well rewarded as it has been a great benefit to us all.

O. C. '21.

A SENIOR SONG

By Newon Lovell

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

1

Sanford High, Dear Sanford High.
Of all the schools, we love thee best,
Sanford High, Dear Sanford High.
From thee we go to stand the test,
Sanford High, Dear Sanford High.
With friendship, loyalty and cheer,
We'll serve our brothers far and near,
And hold thy precepts ever dear;
Sanford High, Dear Sanford High.

2

Unselfishness we've learned from thee,
'21 old '21.
To think as though of we would be,
'21 old '21.
Thy standards high we'll e'er uphold,
Honor the colors blue and gold,
'Till our last story's ever told,
'21 old '21.

3

So loudly now we'll swell the strain,
Sanford High, Dear Sanford High.
Inspire our hearts thy hearts to gain,
Sanford High, Dear Sanford High.
Let truth and honor be our goal,
Exalt the life—make sweet the soul,
While we go out from pole to pole,
Sanford High, Dear Sanford High.

OUR FACULTY

I will sing you a gay little ditty
Of Florida's Substantial City,
Here a school is found
Of such fame and renown
Where they study so hard it's a pity.

Our Prof. is quite a young man
And a Scotchman of Oglivie clan,
He governs with kindness,
Our most "precious" highness,
And is noted for being our friend.

The poor pupils in classes of Math.
Must walk in the straight narrow path,
Miss Gray is all right,
Exceedingly bright——
But beware of provoking her wrath.

Mrs. Leonardi, our Spanish teacher,
Is truly a brilliant woman,
In history classes, too,
She presides over you——
As a friend, there is none more true.

Salamagundi

Miss Muriel is a most talented lady—
None can stay in her class and be lazy.
In her dreams she's a poet,
But you'd never know it—
And for help, you'll always find her ready.

A teacher and friend is Mrs. Maxwell
She teaches Shorthand and Latin as well,
And tries to impart,
To the students so smart——
How to read both Caesar and Virgil.

There lives, too, a teacher called Bache
Who searches all day without eats
That he may discover,
Some acid or powder—
Which down in his "lab" he can bake.

Miss Humphries, in this famous land,
Over history and Study Hall does command.
She's gentle and kind,
The best you can find——
And skillful in teacher her "band".

Now this is the faculty of our city—
All famous and some way be witty.
"Ahem!" I would say,
To quote if I may,
For this the end of my ditty.

J. W. M., '21.

P. S.—Editor's Note:
There may be teachers the whole world thru,
But none you'll find more just and true.
You can't find better, where 'ere you try,
Than those of dear old Sanford High.

Salamagundi

TO MY CLASSMATES

My Dear Classmates:

As we come to the end of our course in high school which sometimes seemed long and tiresome, I am sure that each of us has a feeling of gladness for our good fortune. It is a time when we should be glad, glad because of the obstacles we ran against and overcome, and glad to know that we have accomplished a little in our preparation for the tasks of life.

In spite of the joy we feel at the finishing of high school days, we all have a little pang of regret in saying farewell to each other. We realize that as we go out from here that we probably shall never meet togther in a united class again as we are now, for each will act in his individual course towards his goal in life. Our thoughts will broaden and we will think more seriously as we realize that life has begun in earnest.

Let us go out and by our achievements be a credit and an honor to our school and to our classmates. May we not be content to stay at the bottom but set our aim high, and press forward hoping to reach these aims.

May we remember our high school days for the lessons we learned here. Let us not forget that if we shall ever accomplish the tasks we attempt, no matter how simple, that everything has to be overcome by work. As we tackle the obstacles in life may we never forget our class motto: "Labor Omnia Vincit." Let us not be discouraged when we come up against barriers but remember how in high school labor conquered all things, then dig the harder and I am sure by our efforts the mountains, as they seem, will vanquish and success will reward our efforts.

Now, my classmates, I wish each of you a great success in life. Never before has the future been so full of bright prospects and opportunities for young people. Let us take advantage of our opportunities.

We all have a little regret at breaking our ties of close companionship and good times, but may we not think of this but only of our finishing as a step toward success. May our enthusiasm to better ourselves and accomplish things in life overshadow this regret. May we meet all our trials and troubles as we met them at high school, with a brave, cheerful spirit.

Now farewell to each of you and may the One who is ever watchful, guide and direct each of you to prosperity and happiness, is the wish of your President.

CHARLES T. HENDERSON.


JUNIORS
'21
AMERICAN LITERATURE
SPANISH
STEPHENS

Salamagundi



JUNIOR CLASS

Class Motto: Ad Astra Class Colors: Garnet and Gold

Class Advisor: Mrs. Maxwell

Class Officers

Florence Henry.....President
Anna DuBose.....Vice-President
Zillah Welsh.....Secretary
C. Bertram Shepherd.....Treasurer

Class Roll: A Psalm of Lives

Lives of Ford cars still remind us,
When o'er hills they have to climb;
Of our first two years of Latin,
And the things we've left behind.
—Mary Belle Allen.

Lives like 'Fessors all remind us,
We can't always classes skip;
For when he catches up with us,
We wonder if he'll use the whip.
—Kate Brown.

Lives of fathers all remind me
Of the fun I'll have to miss,
While the others have their parties,
I'll be home in perfect bliss (?)
—Anna DuBose.

Lives of teachers all remind us;
Of the hours we spent in school;
Always with a smile they greet us,
Even when we break a rule.
—Frances Dutton.

Lives of bull dogs all remind us,
Not to swipe forbidden fruit;
And departing leave behind us
Pieces of our Sunday suit.
—William Fitts.

Lives like Marner's all remind us,
We can come and live and go;
And unless we have some virtue,
Not a soul will ever know.
—Margaret Gallagher.

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Lives of Freshmen all remind us,
Of the days when we were there;
And we wish that we had studied,
For now our heads are full of air.

—Marion Hand.

Lectures like Conwell's should teach us,
Fortune waits for everyone;
And if we would try to find it,
All our foes could be o'ercome.

—Florence E. Henry.

Lives of teachers still remind us,
We are boneheads after all;
When it comes to English lessons,
We are surely bound to fall.

—Ermina Houser.

Lives of scholars all remind us,
That if we would knowledge seek,
We must study late and early,
Every day of every week.

—Esther Louise Hughey.

Lives of flowers all remind us
Of thoughts so pure and fine,
That they fill our souls with sadness,
And with feelings most sublime.

—Alma Lohnes.

Lives of authors all remind us,
How de'd all lie down and die;
If but all our high school teachers
Could know what we wrote and why.

—Fay Lossing.

Lives of editors remind us,
We, too, can be one some day;
And thought everybody scoff us,
Guide the people on their way.

—Willard N. Lumley.

Lives like Cicero's remind us,
Of the work he made us do;
Of the terrible translations,
And the Latin cases, too.

—Pattye Lyles.

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Lives of Bache's all remind us,
Of the pine trees in the wood;
If we follow in his footsteps,
We will all be tall and good.

—Gale McAlexander.

Lives of speed-cops all remind us,
'Tis by him we all get hailed;
Then, if we've been driving quickly,
'Tis by him we all get jailed.

—Victor McLaulin.

Lives of pine trees all remind us,
There's a straight and narrow way;
And when we go to English Class,
We know our lessons every day.

—Nellie Messenger.

Lives of brave men all remind us,
Of the victories that we've won;
So let each one leave behind him,
Some brave deed that he has done.

—Dorothea Mickey.

Lives of Ford cars all remind us,
Of the trouble that they make;
And re-tiring leave behind them,
The connecting rods they break.

—Arthur C. Moore.

Lives of athletes all remind us,
We must study every day;
So that we can show the others,
That all games we know to play.

—Ed. Moye.

Lives of Sohp'mores all remind us,
Latin's surely worse than fever;
And we're glad we leave behind us,
Mem'ries of old Julius Caesar.

—Lila Murrell.

Lives of poets all remind us,
We should try to do our best;
For we may think up some poem,
Just as senseless as the rest.

—Virginia Neely.

Salamagundi

Lives of Freshmen all remind us;
We were once as small and green,
Now, progressing, look behind us,
See ourselves as we were seen.

—Florence Price.

Lives of spendthrifs all remind us
Early we should learn to save;
And departing leave behind us,
Class dues piled upon our graves.

—Frederic B. Rines.

Lives of Daisies all remind us,
As they lift their pretty eyes;
In this dreary world of hardships,
That we look up to the skies.

—Carrie Stanley.

Lives of Freshmen all remind us,
Of the times we tried in vain;
And the best lines leave behind us,
Mem'ries of just lots of pain.

—Lillian Shinholser.

Lives of study halls remind us,
Of our times both good and bad;
Of the many squalls and tempests,
That with teachers we have had.

—C. Bertram Shepherd.

Lives of polygons remind us,
Of line segments straight and bent;
And the hours we spent in toiling,
Just to prove them congruent.

—Zillah Welsh.

Lives like Oligvie's remind me
Of the times I tried again;
How Geometry I strove with,
But alas! 'twas all in vain.

—Margaret Zachary.

Salamagundi

FAREWELL TO THE SENIORS

Good-bye, Seniors, one and all,
We know we'll miss you in the fall,
When again to school we turn
And come back to our lessons learns.
The class of twenty-one will be
Back again in our memory.
We all feel that you
Will look backward—always true—
To when you wandered from the fold
Of S. H. S. and the black and gold,
And you will be glad to recall
The hours you spent in the study hall.
So, good-bye, Seniors, but remember this
Even when you've reached complete success,
And have with glory covered your name,
And you walk through the marble halls of fame;
You still will dream of the days gone past—
Of Sanford High and the Senior Class.

—Frances Dutton, '22.

(To be read aloud in an oratorical voice, expressive of deep melancholy, accompanied by occasional and passionate outbursts of sighs.)

Dead he lay among his books!
The peace of having worked Algebra was in his looks.
As the teachers in their gloom
Watch o'er the student's doom,
So those school books from their shelves
Pitied him, silent as themselves.
Ah! His eyes will nevermore
Look examples of theirs o'er;
Nevermore his lips repeat
'X plus y equals', however sweet.
Let the senseless brain now rest,
It is gone, first injured in a test;
Gone as Freshmen haste to leave
At noon.
Dead among his school books,
The peace of having worked Algebra in his looks.

—Frederick B. Rines, '22.


SOPHS
STEPHENS-21

Salamagundi



Salamagundi

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Class Motto: Excelsior Class Colors: Green and White.

Class Counsellor: Miss Ida May Gray.

CLASS OFFICERS

Charlotte Smith ..... President
Ralph Woodruff ..... Vice-President
Gayle Marshall ..... Secretary
Sara Wheeless ..... Treasurer

CLASS ROLL

Marion Appleby
W. A. Adams
Emily Baily
Margaret Berner
Beulah Brown
Iris Britt
Alice Bolly
George Cowan
Malcolm Cameron
William Dunn
Margaret Ericson
Elizabeth Flowers
Elizabeth Garrison
Mae Holly
Robert Holly
Lewis Hughey
Geraldine Kent
Josephine Knight
Rodman Lehman
Virginia Long
Doris Moore
Leonard McLucas
Gayle Marshall
William Moye
Ella Mary Muirhead
Demarius Musson
Philip Miles
Russel Nelson
Troy Ray
Gertrude Runge
Cora Rutherford
Charlotte Smith
Marie Stemper
Lillie R. Spencer
Byron Stephens
Robert Thrasher
Rhoda Vaughn
Robert Williams
Gladyce Wilson
Sarah Wheeless
Roy Wood
Ralph Woodruff

Salamagundi

THE CHARGE OF OUR ORANGE BRIGADE

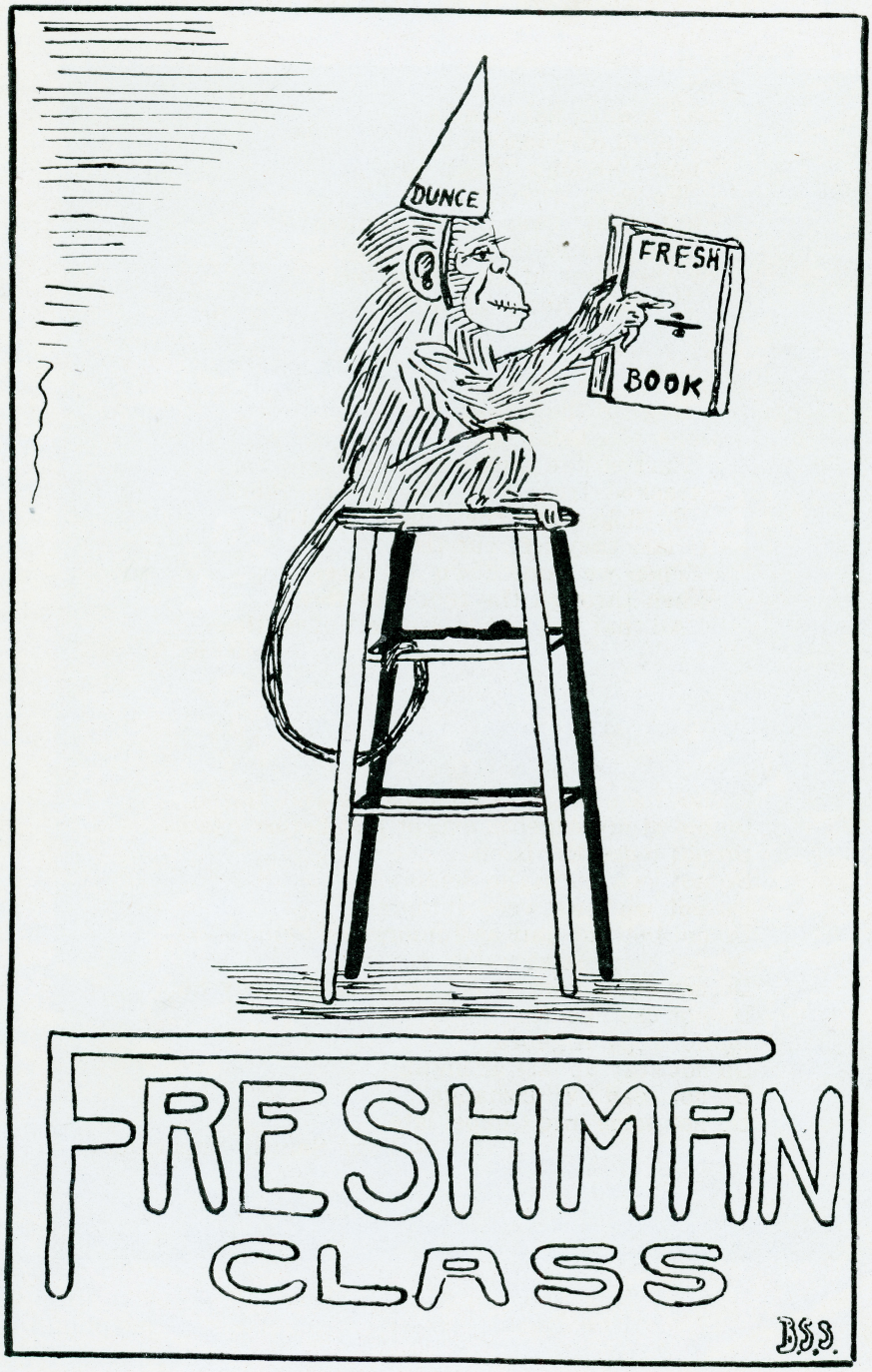
Half a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile nearer.
Under the sign "Keep out"
We went without fear.
First quiet, 'twas an awful hush!
The bark of dogs! A rush—
By the trunk of an orange tree—
We made haste, all three.

Dogs to the right of us,
Dogs to the left of us
Dogs, too, below us,
Barked like fanatics.
Attacked from both North and South
By dogs with their open mouths.
At last they left our tree,
Then we came down, all three.
When through the fence we flew
All that was left to see, left of us three.

—D. K. M., '23.

We—
Do not haze the Freshman as we were hazed.
Do not study Algebra except just before exams.
Do not tease Mr. Bache.
Do not look up to the Seniors.
Do not wish we were Juniors.
Do not bob our hair as Juniors and Seniors do.
Do not skip classes—Oh, never!
Do not chew gum or eat peanuts in study hall.
Do not use "ponies."
Do not copy Algebra.
Do not stay up late at night.
Do not read "Whizzbangs".
Do not come into Chapel late.

—Your Saintly Sophomores.


DUNCE
FRESH
BOOK
FRESHMAN
CLASS
BJJ.

Salamagundi



FRESHMAN CLASS

Mary Stanley ..... President
George Smith ..... Vice-President
John Wilson ..... Secretary and Treasurer

Class Colors: Purple and Gold
Class Motto: "Semper Fidelis"
Class Counsellor: Mr. Bache.

CLASS ROLL

Lucile Anderson
Bernice Auston
Darwin Balmes
Joel Bell
Charles Booth
Evelyn Biggers
Maude Carraway
Olga Carlson
Carl Chorpening
Joe Corley
Martha Chappell
Carrie Darsey
Robert Denton
Kittie DuBose
Hampden DuBose
Teddy Dunn
Evelyn Darrow
Clarence Fields
Sam Fleisher
Richard Frank
Alton Gunter
Robert Hagan
James Hoolehan
Sarah Hutchinson
Douglas Hunter
Robert Jenkins
LeClaire Jones
Dorothy Keeler
Genevieve Lehman
Edna Lord
John Lundquist
Elmer Lundquist
Maude Lake
Madeline Mallem
Kathryne Matthews
Arnold Martin
Beatrice Martin
Morris Moye
Nan Paxton
Lucile Pope
Agnes Perritt
Walter Price
Nina Roberts
Mildred Robinson
Roscoe Robinson
Louis Rotunda
Olive Russell
George Smith
Annabel Shimmons
Emma Spencer
Annabel Spurling
Florence Spurling
James A. Stone
Mary Stanley
Dorothy Stokes
Juanita Taylor
Lois Thorpe
Ethel Tillis
Eric Vihlen
Watson Wallace
Hulda Williams
Clara Wills
John Wilson
Helen Witte
Blanche Wray
Naomi Scoggan

Salamagundi

FRESHMAN FOLLIES

By Kathryne Matthews

1.—Throwing a new coat over a muddy place for the Seniors to walk on.
2.—Getting scared and beginning to stutter when a Junior speaks to us.
3.—Asking Sophomores to translate Latin because they can't do it.
4.—Wishing we weren't quite so green.
5.—Shivering, when we receive our report cards.
6.—Falling down the steps from the shock when a teacher calls us "Honey".
7.—Dreaming of some day being "Pets" like the Juniors and Seniors.
8.—Getting excited when we are asked to put something on the board and in the thrill of the excitement, writing our own name wrong.
9.—Trying to solve the mystery of how the Sophomores made so many hundreds in Algebra last year, and can't work a single problem we ask them to.
10.—Holding our breath when Miss Gray asks one of us if we have gotten help on those examples.
11.—Getting quiet when Mrs. Leonardi comes into the room, because she says she will ridicule you.
12.—Not minding when the upper classmen say "Make the Freshmen hush."

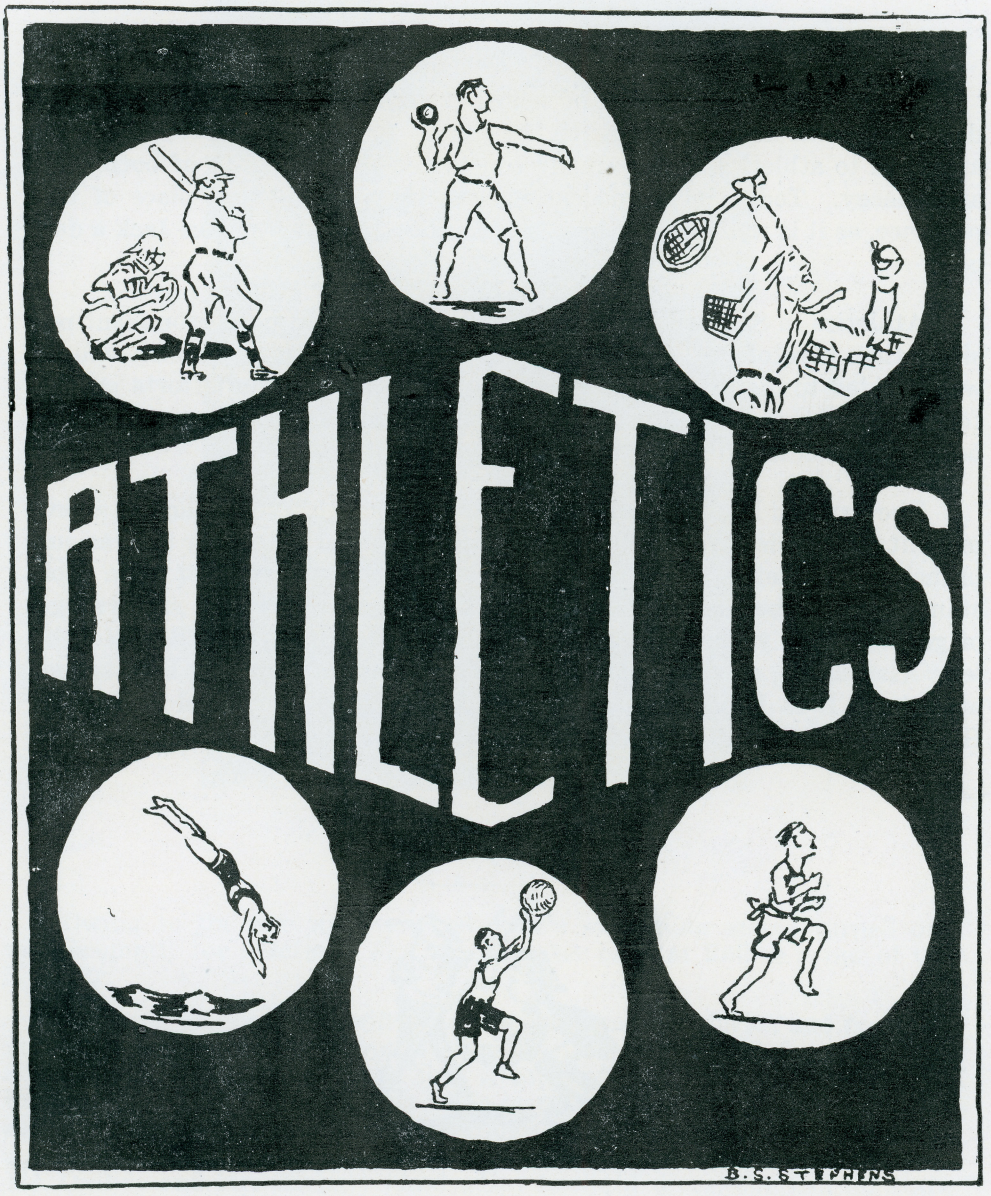
A SCHOOL LESSON.

(Apologies to Riley)

There, Little Freshie, don't cry!
The've treated you cruelly I know
They've poked fun at you,
And your young ways, too,
But you've done your best and so;
Your Freshman troubles will soon pass by—
There, Little Freshie! Don't cry!

There, Little Freshie! Don't cry!
They have made you flunky, I know;
And the glad wild ways,
Of your grammar school days
Are things of the long ago;
But power and freedom will soon come by—
There, Little Freshie! Don't cry!

There, Little Freshie! Don't cry!
They've bluffed you all year, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your Freshman dreams
Have been crushed down deep with woe;
But for Senior days you still will sigh—
There, Little Freshie! Don't cry!


ATHLETICS
B.S. STEPHENS

Salamagundi

ATHLETICS

A few years ago, to speak of school brought to mind the thought of a day of toil with nothing to lighten the work. In those days people paid no attention to athletics, in fact many considered them a waste of both time and energy. Today in all modern schools they are given a place of importance, as it is well known, that, "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy."

Athletics in Sanford High School this year held a more prominent position than heretofore. Owing to the growing popularity of basket ball, it was decided to dispense with football and concentrate our efforts on the former sport. Our greatest handicap this year, as in other years, has been the inaccessibility of a regular place to practice.

The Sanford High School Athletic Association this year adopted a permanent set of rules to govern the awarding of official letters for the various branches of athletics. In brief, to secure a letter a player must be in good standing with the coaches throughout the year and play in a set average of games. This year we became a member of the State High School Athletic Association, an organization with the purpose of fostering high school athletics. It is hoped that this organization when perfected will place High School Athletics in a more favorable relationship with scholarship.



Salamagundi



SWIMMING.

Owing to the fine weather, last year's swimming squad turned out very promptly for practice. The annual water meet at Rollins is one of the S. H. S.

From all prospects we will have a team of regular ducks, and from examination of the picture it would seem as if they were built for endurance as well as speed. We feel sure that if some of the aforesaid team do not tarry to flirt with the mermaids while in transient, they will come out far ahead of all opponents. And when it comes to gracefulness Capt. John Musson far outclasses Annette Kellerman (incidentally, he is the instructor of Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Bache). And when Leonard dives, the fish all stare anticipating a luscious mouthful. Concerning the girls' team, we can not speak, fearing that they are delicate subjects and must be handled with care. But, oh, what we might say!



LINE UP

Forwards—J. Musson (Captain), W. Moye, L. McLucas, C. Henderson, (Manager).

Guards—C. Barber, N. Lovell, E. Moye, E. Henderson.
Center—M. McLaulin, J. Stone.
Coaches—C. S. Ogilvie, H. F. Bache.

BASKET BALL

Although not a complete success, the basket ball season ended with several victories to our credit. We began the season slightly over-confident. This feeling was considerably diminished at the end of our first game which was incidentally our first defeat. During the following week our coaches proceeded to flay several inches of skin from our spiritual bodies, an operation which was exceedingly painful to all concerned. A few weeks later we played our second game which was, we regret to say, our second defeat. There seemed to be a weak place in the team, but after much study we found that the weakness was in the whole team. Knowing this, we were able to make a great improvement in our playing.

We played four more games, winning two and losing two. We were scheduled to play twelve games, but the "Grim Reaper", in the form of Mid-Term Examinations visited our midst and claimed for its victims several of the team, so we shortened our schedule. Although not winning all our games, our total number of points make a good showing against those of our opponents.

Salamagundi



LINE UP

Maude Lake	Forward	Gladys Wilson	Guard
Emma Spencer	Forward	Sara Warren Easterby (Cpt),	Cent.
Maude Carraway	Guard	Sara Wheeless	Running Center

LeClaire Jones ..... Substitute
Blanche Wray ..... Substitute
Mina Howard ..... Manager

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

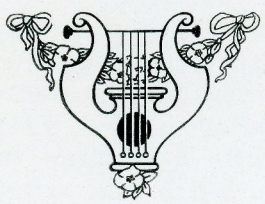
At the beginning of the basket ball season this year everyone was very much worried as to where we were going to get our team, as all but one of our last year's players had either graduated or gone to another school.

However, at the first of the season a meeting of the Athletic Association was called and Mina Howard was elected manager, with Sara Warren Easterby, captain of the team. Then everyone began to work in earnest, and especially the freshmen, who deserve a great deal of credit for their good work, in coming to practice and also in giving us two of our best players.

We soon developed a fast team, which in spite of its size, which was rather small compared to the size of the teams we encountered, measured up in every way to our old standard.

The girls made a fine start, but were later handicapped, owing to our not having a regular place to practice. This showed in our last few games, also the fact that Sara Warren Easterby was hurt and unable to play in two of them.

All of the players held out splendidly during the entire season and as has always been the case with Sanford High School, enthusiasm never waned. A great deal of credit is due to the coaching of Professors Ogilvie and Bache, as they both did a great deal to help the team during the entire season.





TRACK

This year witnessed a revival of track, the team of twenty-one being the first we have had in several years. Owing to the lack of a track we were handicapped very much. As with all things new, there was a feeling of intense enthusiasm towards the sport, but after arranging for the use of a field and finding that a large amount of "elbow-grease" was necessary to get the field in shape, the enthusiasm quickly died down, likewise the number in the squad. A few faithful ones stuck and we look for these to bring home the "bacon" at the annual High School Track Meet to be held in Gainesville April 8th and 9th. A temporary track in the park was furnished us by the city, and on March 28th we held a preliminary meet to determine for certainty the squad which is to represent Sanford High.

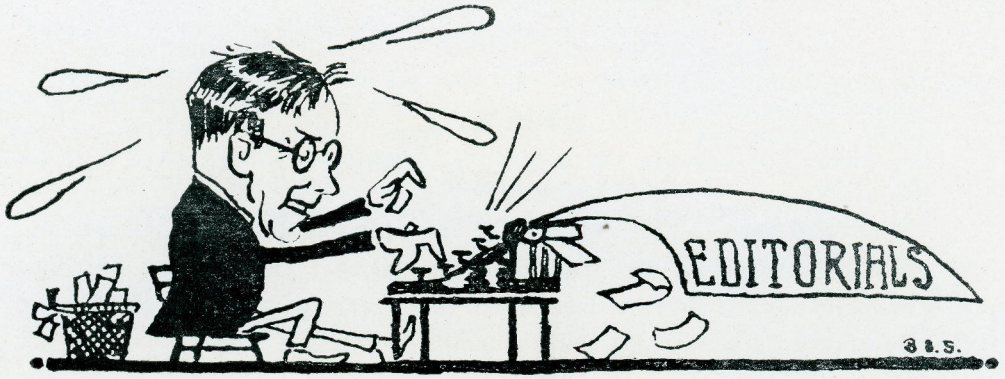
Salamagundi

BASE BALL

This book goes to press before the beginning of the base ball season, so we do not know what the final outcome will be. The Athletic Association met and elected Edward Henderson manager, and any one who knows Ed. may count upon having a good schedule of games.



Salamagundi



It is through the Salmagundi that the school is able to make its friends acquainted with what has been done during the year and to thank its patrons for their support and interest. We feel safe in saying that without any exceptions this has been one of the most successful years that the school has known. Every year larger numbers of pupils come from the Grammar School and in a short time something will have to be done, for the study hall was this year filled to its entire capacity.

The School Boards, we are sure, have done all in their power to make this year a success. As for the faculty, we could not ask for a better one. The teachers have put their best into their work besides giving much of their time to helpful outside activities.

The school now owns eight typewriters of the very best grade, which makes the equipment for the Business Course most complete. This course was primarily intended for the students of the last year class, but many of the lower classmen have taken advantage of it, so that the class this year has been very large.

With the help of one of the teachers the Seniors have had the privilege of taking a correspondence course in Americanization given by the University of Florida, which is much more practical and up-to-date than the regular Civics studied with American History.

Among the things that have helped to make this year a success have been the varied programs of chapel exercises. Many men of national note have visited us and given talks as well as the ministers, doctors and dentists of our own town.

Many times when we have been in a hurry and wanted a drink, were we thankful that the Class of '19 knew what the school needed and left as its parting gift the two fine drinking fountains, one for the boys and one for the girls, which have been installed this year. We have been thankful also to the Class of '20 for the large number of fine books left to the school

as its parting gift, making the library as complete as that of any other school of this size in the state.

The school is now the owner of a splendid Victrola and all the student body have enjoyed the music during chapel exercises. This machine was bought from the proceeds of an entertainment given by members of the different classes.

We know that the people of Sanford are with the schools and are ready to do their part in making them the best in the country, and the following will prove it.

Soon after school started it was announced that a gold medal would be given by Mr. E. D. Mobley, to the student who, at the end of the school year held the highest general average of all, in the school.

The local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have offered gold medals to the boy and girl of the American History class, who hold the highest averages in that study at the end of the year. Two silver medals were also offered to the Grammar School.

Free tickets were given by Mr. F. F. Dutton to all the pupils and faculty for the great lecture "Acres of Diamonds," delivered by Dr. Conwell. He also gave $100 to be distributed among the schools of the county as prizes for the best essays on "How Will the Lecture 'Acres of Diamonds' Help Make Me a Better Citizen?"

On Friday night, March 11, all the students and faculty of the school were given the privilege of hearing Dr. Ralph Parlette deliver his inspiring talk "The University of Hard Knocks." This was the gift of the First National Bank of Sanford.

The Chamber of Commerce offered three prizes of ten dollars each, one to a member of the Junior or Senior classes, one to the Sophomore or Freshman classes and one to the Seventh or Eighth grades of the Grammar School for the best essays on the subject, "What is a City Substantial?"

We wish to thank these people as well as all the patrons of the school for showing their interest in us and hope that it may continue, for only by working together can our school keep its place with the best of the country.

—John W. Musson, Editor.

Salamagundi

WHY HAVE A PAPER IN SANFORD HIGH?

"What's the use of bothering with such a thing as a school paper?" This is the attitude taken by most pupils, until the paper is really begun. Then they all admit that they would not do without it for world's. Why is this? It is because of the interest it creates, the genuine enjoyment pupils get from its appearance. Aside from these, the benefits derived for all who are concerned in its publication make it an indespensible asset.

To the boy, interested in juornalism, the ability to write a good editorial may, in later life, prove invaluable.

When the paper is properly conducted, it also gives helpful experience in reporting and the majority of reporters for our large city dailies today developed their ability in High School and College.

The advantages are so many and the disadvantages, if any, are so few, that it is to be wondered that there are any dissenting voices in considering such a project.

—Bertram Shepherd, '22.

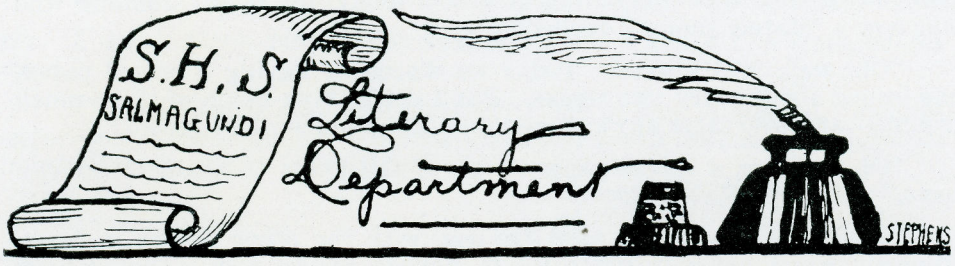
THIS IS GAYLE'S TEN DOLLAR'S WORTH

How Will The Lecture "Acres of Diamonds" Make Me a Better Citizen?

Both the lecturer, Dr. Conwell, with his frank, sincere manner and the lecture, "Acres of Diamonds", were an inspiration to me. By the facts which Dr. Conwell presented and through his illustrations, the truth was brought home to me that there are opportunities near me, not only to get rich, but for learning, for serving. Perhaps I shall never be great or prominent in the eyes of the world but if I watch and take my opportunities first to educate and prepare myself, then to give back to the people the best that I have I can be a citizen worth while. Although I am not rich, I can get rich, for in most cases it is the poor who become rich. I do not need money to think with and if I think and use my ideas, I can get rich, then I can help my town and my country because nothing can be carried on without money. By kindness, generosity and service I can get rich, not in things which are material but in the love and friendship of the people around me. If, then I get rich so that I have the money with which to work and the love and friendship of the people am I not a good citizen? I am, if I am giving as much in return as I myself, take. If I give my best and my all, so that the other person receives his due share, I may take my profits. Then to sum it up the lecture "Acres of Diamonds" has shown me that my opportunities are at home and it is my duty to take them, that if I would be rich I must give as much as I take. In the realization of these facts I know that I am a better citizen.

—Gayle Marshall, '23.

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THE TENDERNESS OF BURNS.

Robert Burns stuffed the envelop and letter into nis coat pocket. Jean Burns sat on the opposite side of the table. She did not know that her husband had received money for his last poem but she did know that there was no lard in the bucket nor flour in the barrel and that all supplies were out. Burns, too, knew this, but he did not care for food; he needed drink, something strong.

Burns was headed toward the bar-room, with a guilty feeling; but he determined to spend the money for the drink, he craved.

"Help the poor," "Help the needy," were the cries that fell upon his ears. He turned to the door step where an old woman sat. She recognized the once idolized poet. "Oh, Mr. Burns, I know you will give to a poor woman. My old man spends every cent for drink, my food is gone and my children are starving, you will be good to an old woman."

Before Burns' eyes there rose foaming glasses of beer; he also saw his own pantry empty, his own children hungry and his patient little wife who had shared so many hardships and little joy with him. He gave the woman a silver piece and walked on. The open saloon door did not tempt him. He walked by them and instead entered a grocery store.

Mrs. Burns was delighted by a large supply of groceries and some pretty plaid for a new dress.

—Ralph Woodruff, '23.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO SOME OF OUR S. H. S. BOYS AND GIRLS NEXT FALL?

The Anderson family was seated at the supper table—which family consisted of Johnnie, his father, and mother. And to Mr. Anderson's ques-

tion, "Well, how was everything at school today, my boy?" Johnnie who was now a "stately junior," replied:

"Oh, well, pretty good. Today we discussed having a school paper, one issued about every two weeks. But I don't think much of it, so much trouble—and who cares anyway, about what's happening at school?"

"Oh, my boy, a school paper is one of the finest things a school can have."

"Well, I don't see any need for one, with the other papers in town. Anyway, who's going to write for it, nobody knows how. They'll have nothing to put in it in the first place, and if they do happen to find something, who'll want to read it in the second place?"

"Now, son, probably it would interest you to know that your father, who is the present editor of our city's largest newspaper, had his first experience with a school paper. You see right there the experience it affords. And th people of the city are always glad to hear about what's going on in its schools."

"Why, only the other day," put in Mrs. Anderson, "a lady said to me, 'What a fine thing it would be if our school had a Literary Society'. Whereupon I told her that the school did have a Literary Society, and from Johnnie's accounts, they were certainly having fine meetings. If the meetings were as good as you said, Johnnie, don't you think the people would be interested in knowing, not only that you have such societies, but what you do in the meetings? Many people who have no children in school are ignorant as to its doings."

"Then, take your athletics," continued Mr. Anderson, "why, the different write-ups would fill a page or two, and I believe only last night you had to write a story for English. Besides you, all the rest of the class had to write one, and I'll wager there were some fine stories handed in. Why not save the best ones for the papers? And there are your school picnics, and various other entertainments."

After which Johnnie's father started to carve the meat, when all of a sudden the knife slipped and cut his finger.

"Say, Dad, I can fix that right away for you. Dr. Smith talked to us in chapel this morning on how to treat cuts."

"I barely nipped it, son, but, by the way, those different talks I often hear you mention, given by the different visitors and local men will furnish fine material for your paper, too." At the end of which Johnnie started to laugh.

"What's funny?" asked his parents, almost together.

"I just happened to think what Bill Wright said in History today."

"Still more material, my boy, all the class jokes that we all enjoy," added Mr. Anderson.

Salamagundi

"By, jove, Dad, I didn't know there was so much to put in a school paper. I didn't think much of it yesterday, but I think I've changed my mind."

"The material is easy enough to get," put in Mrs. Anderson, "and the experience it furnishes, the information it gives, and the interest it creates in school work are all invaluable."

—Florence E. Henry, '33.

WHERE SANFORD FOLKS GO PICNICKING.

At the foot of a small hill lies a beautiful spring. Overhanging the spring are large palms and oaks both in new spring coats of green.

The spring is cemented around the sides and made into a horse-shoe shape. The bail is large and fresh green-hue water is flowing from it and out a small dam into a brook which runs over a white sandy bottom. Along the side of the brook are flowers of beautiful shades of blue, yellow, pink, and lavender. Farther along the brooks are pines, oaks and palms all a fresh green. It is a beautiful sight to the lovers of nature.

—L. R. S., '23

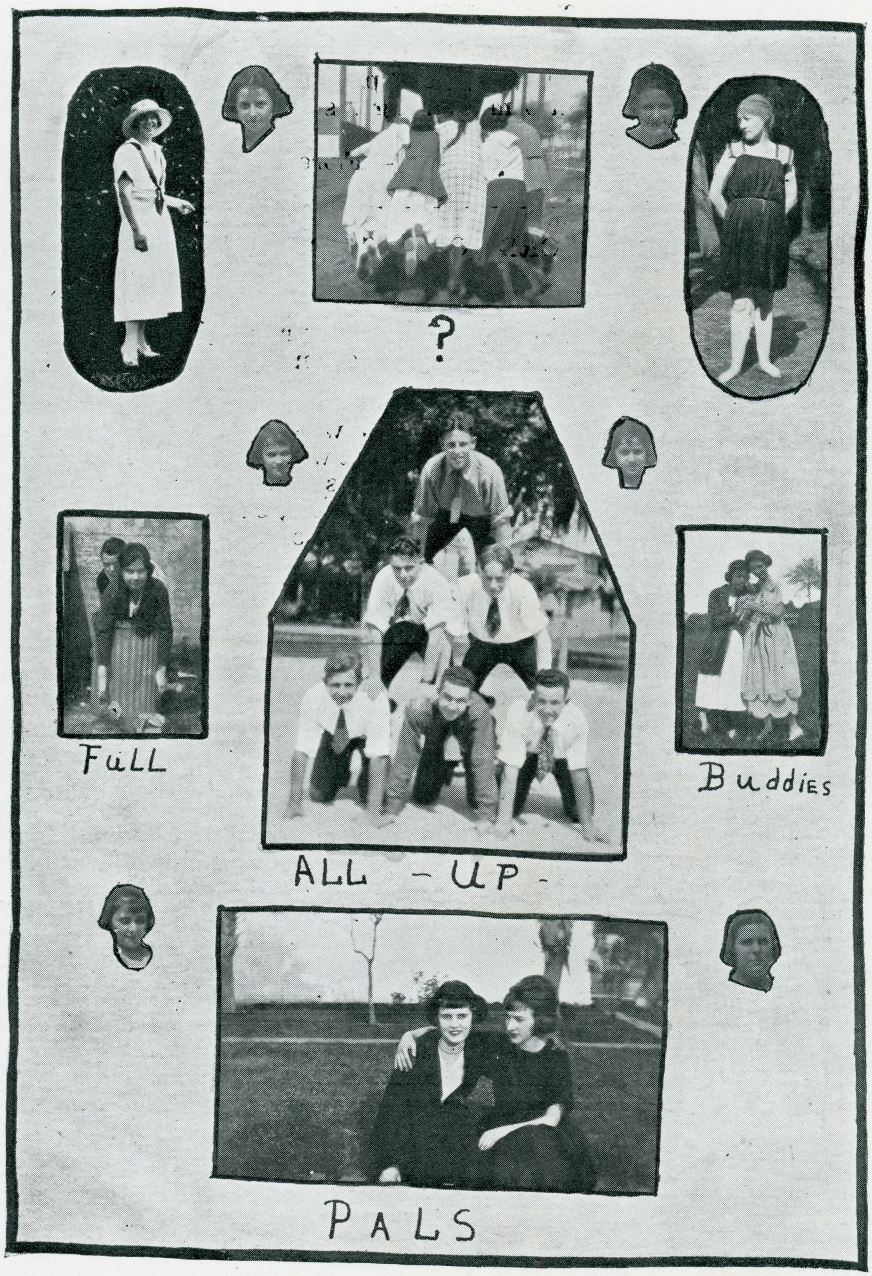
THE RIME OF ONE FISHERMAN

I know not where the big bass go
  Their hungry schools to feed,
I only know I cannot row
  Beyond that break of reeds.

—Wm. Dunn, '23.



Salamagundi



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TROUBLE IS WROUGHT BY WANT OF THOUGHT

Margaret heard the postman's whistle, and hurried to get the mail. "Hm-m-m," she said, thumping the letters, "One for father, three for mother, one for Jack, and two for me."

Putting away the other letters until their respective owners should appear to claim them, she sat down to read her own. The first one she opened was from a certain young man whom Margaret liked a great deal. After reading it over three times she was finally opening her next letter, when the heading caught her eye. It read "Dear Helen," and then Margaret remembered that it was a habit of Ruth's to address the envelope before she wrote a single word, consequently she had made a mistake and put Helen's letter in her envelope.

Just as she was about to put the letter back in the envelope her eye caught her own name, and she could not resist the temptation to read that paricular paragraph. It ran along in Ruth's big expressive handwriting: "Although I have invited Jack, I am not going to invite Margaret. Now, Helen, you know that I hold nothing against Margaret, but I simply won't have my party spoiled as yours was last week. You know yourself how disagreeable she can be when she tries, and she always takes a notion to act that way just at the wrong time. Really, Helen, I know boys that would go a block out of their way to keep from meeting her in the street." Here Margaret paused to stiffle a little sob. "And so I'm not inviting her, and I don't care if she does get mad, just so I'm not there to hear the storm."

"Well, did you ever?" inquired Margaret of herself, bursting into enraged tears. "I'll never, never, never speak to Ruth Langston again. Why, the very idea! I had not the slightest thought of doing anything rude at Helen's party last week, and Ruth Langston ought to know it." But suddenly the thought dawned upon her, HAD SHE? She knew that if she had been rude she had done it unintentionally, but did Ruth? Was it true that things done unintentionally hurt just as much as those done on purpose? Margaret had never thought of it in that manner before.

That evening Margaret handed Jack the letter that she knew contained an invitation to Ruth's party.

"Why, Sis, what's the matter?" he inquired jovially as he searched her sad face with his eyes. "Why the weeps?"

Margaret handed him the letter containing the detested paragraph, and pointed it out to him. As he read it his smile deepened into a frown.

"Now little sister, don't take it quite so hard," he admonished, "You know there are some mighty big problems facing us in our life. And to be perfectly frank with you, yours is the largest one of them all. Your temper, little girl, gets the best of you sometimes now doesn't it? Now, Sis, you could easily be popular if you try. Maybe if you'd be a little more thoughtful of the others they wouldn't feel so hard towards you."

"Maybe you're right. Well, believe me, I'm not going to miss the next party by being hateful and disagreeable."

—Florence Edna Lord, '24.

Salamagundi

DRAKE'S "CULPRIT FAY"

Of course you've heard of the Culprit Fay
That wicked little fairy who had his way
And by loving an earthly maid so fair
Became engulfed in quite a snare.

The fairy court at night is held
And all are there at the tap of a bell
To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay
Who had broken the elfin chain away.

Two things were decreed against our Fay
That he should at once go far away
And catch a drop from the sturgeon's splash
To wash the stain from the wing in a flash.

Then when he saw a shooting star
He was to follow it wide and far
'Till he had caught the last faint spark
Which would light his elfin lamps at dark.

Those two things he had bravely done
And both his rewards he had also won
So homeward he finally turned his way,
And was off to elfland before the new day.

And now you've heard of the Culprit Fay
The good little fairy who went his way,
And for doing all that was so bold,
This famous story about him is told.

—Zillah Welsh, '22.

Salamagundi

THAT CLASS OF '21.

There were some children, green were they,
As green as grass on a summer's day.
They entered school in seventeen
Thus these Freshies first were seen.

They labored on, day in day out,
Caused many a laugh and many a shout.
"But," cried these Freshies, "we should sigh,
We will be Sophomores bye and bye."

Thus these Freshies, Sophomores now,
Told the Junior Class they'd show them how
A Freshman bold as bold could be
Could now be wise and banish glee.

The Sophomore Class was finally passed
So they went on to the Junior Class
"And now," they cried with shouts and cheers
"We'll be Seniors this time next year."

So the dear old class of seventeen
Are Seniors now—no longer green—
But wise and stately in twenty-one,
Have reached their goal, their battles won.

Florence E. Henry, '22.

Said Oliver Twist
"I can't live like this
Life is entirely too slow,
It's as hard for a beetle
To go through a needle
As for me to get porridge, you know."

To London he went
And lived in a tent
With thieves of the worst reputation.
A man very kind
Took him to mind
And made him the best in the nation.

—Margaret Gallagher, '22.

Salamagundi



Salamagundi

IN THE "HEART OF THE ROSE"

(A story of my visit to an English Theatre in 1588)

At last the long looked for day has come, the Rose is completed and I am going to be among the first to see the first play shown. It is to be the story of a "Woman Killed with Kindness." How such a thing could be! But I know it is true because if it were not it wouldn't be shown in a theatre especially at its first performance.

"Miss, the carriage and company are waiting."

"Yes, Marie," I answered in an excited voice.

Yes, we are now in the gallery and all is so interesting. I seem almost rude in staring at folks and inspecting the new construction. Mother is looking at me reprovingly, but there is no need for me to sit perfectly motionless, before the play begins.

The Rose is quite handsome in my opinion, it is a hexagon constructed mostly of wood with something resembling concrete. From where I am sitting I can't see the entire theatre, but directly in front of the stage is a pit, or a large ground space, in which there is a motly crowd of the lower folk. One little urchin is endeavoring to place himself where he will be free from being crushed by his elders. But nothing seems possible for as soon as he places himself some burly, filthy man will kick him away and shout at him in a voice like thunder.

The play has begun and there is a hush over the crowd for a minute but no longer, for the boisterous, ignorant masses below have started their disturbance again. I am going to be attentive to the play though. The actors take such a long time to get themselves placed; I wonder why they discourse so much among themselves; seems as if they were disagreeing.

The scenery is realistic looking but the trees in the back ground look wilted and oh! One has fallen, but I suppose that is on account of kindness for if it can kill a woman it surely can fell a tree. I admire the gay clothes the actors are wearing, they look like the clothes my parents wear only they are more elaborate.

My elders seem to think the play good but I think it a tiny bit tiresome, that is on account of my youth, I suppose.

Next time I attend I am going to a private theatre where my mind will not be distracted by noisy, drunken peasants.

—Rowena Otwell, '21.

Salamagundi

SENIOR PLAY, SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL

"Professor Pepp," By W. B. Hare.

Professor Peterkin Pepp, a nervous wreck.....Charlie Henderson
Mr. C. B. Buttonbuster, a giddy butterfly of forty-eight.....Otis Cobb
Howard Green, his son, who had the court change his name.....
.....Walter Connelly
Sim Batty, the police force of a college town.....Victor McLaulin
Peddler Benson, working his way thru college.....Newton Lovell
Noisy Fleming, just out of High School.....Curtis Barber
Pink Hatcher, an athletic sophomore.....John Musson
Buster Brown, a vociferous junior.....Edward Henderson
Betty Gardner, the professor's ward.....Ruby Hart
Aunt Minerva Boulder, his housekeeper, who hates men.....Julia Laing
Petunia Muggins, the hired girl, who loves Sim.....Mina Howard
Olga Stopski, the new teacher of folk dancing.....Mary Eula Dyson
Kitty Clover, a collector of souvenirs.....Annie Bell Dyson
Vivian Drew, a college belle .....Vivian Crosby
Irene Van Hilt, a social leader .....Kathleen Brady
Caroline Kay, the happy little freshman.....Mildred Kennedy

Students, Co-eds, etc.

Time—Three days in September.

Place—A small college town.

Time of Performance—Two hours and twenty minutes.

ACT I.

Professor Pepp's residence on the college campus. The opening day of school. A trip to Russia. Father comes to college.

Quartette: Charles Henderson, John Musson, Newton Lovell, Curtis Barber.

ACT II.

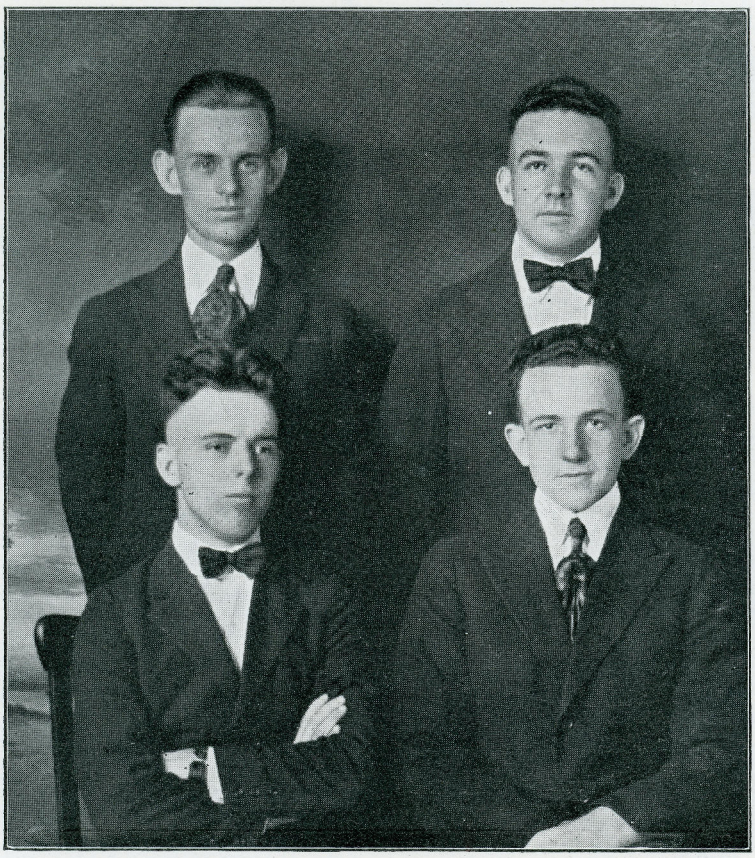
Same scene as Act 1. Father hazed. Surrounded by the nihilists. Bombs and Bunski!

Chorus of Co-eds: "I Can't Do a Thing With My Hair Since It's Washed"; "Marked Down to $1.99"—Marion Dieterich, Sara Warren Easterby, Velma Venables, Rowena Otwell, Helen Chorpening, Mary Garrison, Martha Garrison, Elizabeth Hoolihan, Vivian Crosby, Mary Eula Dyson.

ACT III.

Same scene. A garden party by moonlight. Celebrating the football victory. Bonfire and parade. Father, the football hero. The serenade. Aunt Minerva on the warpath. A double wedding.

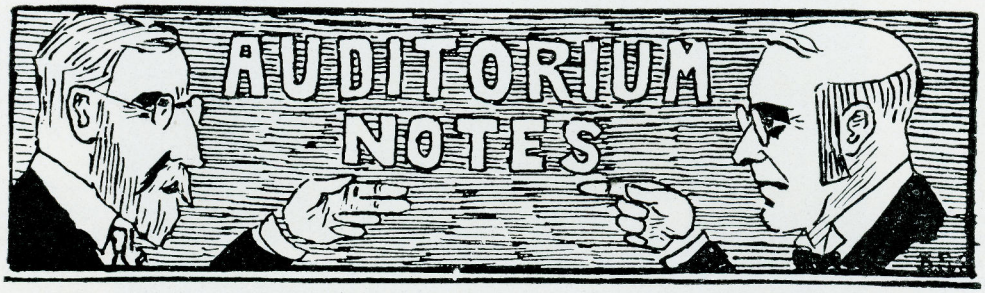
"Old College days, old College days,
The years may come, the years may go,
But still our hearts will ever turn
To college days of long ago."



BOYS' QUARTETTE

Newton Lovell	First Tenor
Curtis Barber	Second Tenor
Charles Henderson	First Bass
John Musson	Second Bass
Mr. Bache	Leader

Salamagundi



High School folks surely are fond of speakers, singers and the like, in fact, of all who come to entertain them. Fate has been especially kind to us this year in sending us men and women whose subjects have been both interesting and instructive. M. D.'s., D. D.'s., and D. D. S.'s., have graced our stage and delivered addresses that we shall remember a long time.

Not only have we listened to men of all professions from the outside world but we were pleasantly surprised to discover one morning that a member of our own faculty was a "chiropodist" of unusual merit. This fact was made known when "Dr." Bache arose and addressed us on the subject of "Our Feet."

Not only "Dr." Bache is talented in the line of speaking but the other members of the faculty also. Some of them have given us descriptions of interesting travels they have taken; Miss Gray, of her visit to Mt. Vernon, and Mr. Ogilvie of his wonderful trip to Scotland.

Who is not charmed by the power of music? And to be able to listen to such records of famous singers as: John McCormack, Caruso, Alma Gluck, Schumann-Heink, Melba, Geraldine Farrar, Galli-Curci, Louise Homer; such a pianist as the great Paderewski, and such violinists as Mischa Elman, and Fritz Kreisler, not only gives pleasure for the time being but trains us to enjoy the best music, and may in time change the kind of music best liked by the majority of our citizens.

Every day in the school year has begu nin the right way because we have gone to morning exercises without fail. Although we did not always have famous entertainers we were privileged to take in the beauty of our own melodious voices in song and were agreeably surprisd many times by being privileged to hear talented singers and speakers.

—R. O., '21.

Salamagundi

TO THE SENIOR GIRL

The Freshman may write of his bobbed-haired lass,
The Soph of his girl with the curls,
But this year the theme of my praises shall be
The best of all girls,
That lovable Senior Girl.

She laughs at her failures, she smiles and she finds
That she likes to take tests and exams of all kinds,
And laughingly meets all her strife in this world,
That girl of all girls,
That lovable Senior Girl.

You say she can't work if she laughs all the time—
But laughter is liked o'er the world,
So we'll all lift our glasses and drink to the health
Of our lovable Senior Girl.

—C. B. and O. C.

TO THE SENIOR BOY

The Sophomore may talk of his Freshman joys,
The Prof. of his sweetheart so coy,
But this year the theme of my praises shall be
The best of all boys,
The likable Senior Boy.

He laughs at his teachers, he laughs at his books,
He laughs and cares not how he looks,
And laughing meets all his troubles in life;
That boy of all boys,
The laughing Senior Boy.

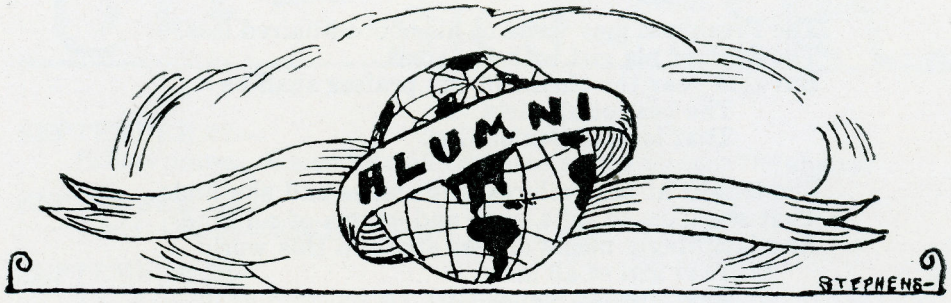
You say he can't work if he laughs all the while,
But laughter wins many a smile,
So we'll all lift our glasses and drink to the Health
Of our good old Senior Boy.

—M. H., '21.

Here's to the teachers of Old Sanford High,
So loyal and true in the days gone by,
Struggling and working thru sunshine and rain,
Diplomas we strived for have helped us to gain,
Now they are won, and the work is all past,
And all these dear teachers we'll praise to the last.

—K. B., '21.

Salamagundi



1916

Susie Brown	Mrs. McDaniel	Bunnell, Fla.
Ruth McDaniel	Mrs. Sturman	Chicago, Ill.
Hume Rumph	Banking	Miami, Fla.
Allie Anderson	Mrs. Myers	Sanford, Fla.
Gladys Morris	Teaching	Tallahassee, Florida
John Murrell	Lawyer	Okechobee, Fla.

1917

Lucile Rines	Mrs. Doudney	Sanford, Florida
Marion Gove	Stenographer	Kissimmee, Florida
Ruth Hand	Teaching	Sanford, Florida
Ruth Steinmeyer	Milliner	Tampa, Florida
Lillian Rhodes	Stenographer	Houston, Texas

1918

Edna Chittenden	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee, Florida
Ercel Little	Stetson	DeLand, Florida
Jack Leach	Machinist	Jacksonville, Florida
Watson McAlexander	University of Florida	Gainesville, Florida
Ruth Roberts	Mrs. Morris Spencer	Sanford, Florida
Alice Vaughn	Mrs. Ward	Sanford, Florida
Clifford Walker	University of Florida	Gainesville, Florida
Rosamond Radford	Bessie Tift	Athens, Georgia

1919

Helen Hand	Mrs. Karl Schultz	Sanford, Florida
Alyce Andes	Deceased	Maryville, Tennessee
Max Bradbury	Banking	Sanford, Florida
Israel Kanner	Georgia Teck	Atlanta, Georgia
Frank Chappell	Sutherland College	Sutherland, Florida
Le Clerq Irwin	Sutherland College	Sutherland, Florida
Nellie Long	Mrs. Graham Hunter	Sanford, Florida
Dorothy Rumph	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee, Florida
Lillian Schwartz	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee, Florida
Adele Runge	Mrs. Purdom	Daytona, Florida
Helen Shelton	Mrs. Ralph Roumilatt	Jacksonville, Florida
Edna Williams	Mrs. Raymond Butler	Brunswick, Georgia

1920

Sherman Moore	University of Florida	Gainesville, Florida
Coralie Tillis	Teaching	Eau Gallie, Florida
Ruth Gillon	Teaching	Cocoa, Florida
Caroline Spencer	Teaching	Sanford, Florida
Caroline White	Sutherland College	Sutherland, Florida
Ellen Chappell	Sutherland College	Sutherland, Florida
Gladys Adams	Sutherland College	Sutherland, Florida
Anna Mason	Andrew College	Cuthbert, Georgia
Perry Lee Bell	Queen's College	Charlotte, N. C.
Reuben Mason	University of Florida	Gainesville, Florida
Fordyce Russell	University of Florida	Gainesville, Florida
Julia Zachary	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee, Florida
Ethel Henry	F. S. C. W.	Tallahassee, Florida
Winnie Strong	Teaching	Hastings, Florida
Helen Terwilliger	Teaching	Sanford, Florida

Salamagundi

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER 27—
School opens. We go into all the class rooms to dust the chairs.

SEPTEMBER 28—
Tearful faces—EIGHT LONG MONTHS.

SEPTEMBER 29—
The Freshmen mistake Mr. Geiger for a new classmate.

SEPTEMBER 30—
The girls of the High School threaten to slide down the banister if the carpet on the stairs is not fixed.

OCTOBER 7—
WE wear smoked glasses, the Freshmen are SO dazzlingly green.

OCTOBER 18—
Arthur Moore comes to school on time.

NOVEMBER 11—
Armistice Day. (In every sense of the word.)

NOVEMBER 20—
At last! The Juniors have placed Bache. He is some "Bach."

DECEMBER 2—
"Shorty" Geiger is presented with a handsome birth-day cake by the Sophomore History Class. The remainder of the faculty are also shicked with a piece of cake.

DECEMBER 17—
The Freshman cry because this is the first time they didn't have a Christmas tree.

DECEMBER 26—
The hospital is overrun because the girls beat Umatilla in basket ball.

JANUARY 3—
The Seniors have unmade their resolutions formed on January 1.

JANUARY 4—
Lila Murrell came to school one-half of a minute before the bell rang.

JANARY 5—
Elizabeth Flowers left one-fifth of an inch of her chin unpowdered.

JANUARY 10—
The rain made Kathleen's lunch taste like Welsh rarebit.

Salamagundi

FEBRUARY 2—
Our new History teacher is a peach, a Georgia one, too.

FEBRUARY 15—
The dancing school has certainly improved the geometry class, as they have learned how to make all kinds of angles, circles, etc.

FEBRUARY 25—
Frederic Rines threatens suicide, but later retracts.

MARCH 1—
Sarah Wight makes her debut as a Senior.

MARCH 4—
Holiday Greetings.

MARCH 8—
Bevo! Two darling girls killed a snake on the campus the other day. This adds the 16th member to Mr. Bache's (Zoo)-logy class now.

MARCH 12—
Alice Gooding McKim ventures near the "Happy Hunting Grounds" upon seeing a spider in Study Hall.

MARCH 16—
The "Twinkling Stars" perform.

MARCH 17—
A Victrola is bought for the school, thanks to the "Twinkling Stars" and Mrs. Maxwell.

MARCH 18—
Mrs. Maxwell and the "Twinkling Stars" celebrate with a half holiday at Palm Springs.

MARCH 21—
Much to our delight Miss Muriel is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

MARCH 22—
Roy Howard attends Latin class.
Charles and Ed. Henderson are both at school.

MARCH 23—
Professor had a little cough,
That tickled all his throat,
And when he did the Scriptures read
We all did think he'd croaked.

MARCH 31—
Caught in the act. One perfectly good Junior while going upstairs with umbrella up was caught by the Prof. and asked to put down the said umbrella and come down to the office. Considerable screams and crashes were heard out side the door. We have never seen the umbrella since, and the pupil stood up in class the following week.

APRIL 1—
Good-bye, I am going to be pressed.

—F. B. Rines, 23.


S.H.S. Snap-Shots.
"TWINS"
"TWINS"
A QUARTETTE OF SARAHS
FEET FIRST
THREE OF A KIND
THEY CAN'T HELP IT.
AT NOON
STEPHENS-31

Salamagundi

THE DYING FRESHMEN

This poem is a satire in remerbrance of two of our friends who left us by request in 1918:

Way back in nineteen eighteen
When the days were very cold,
There walked two Freshmen into school—
Their looks were brave and bold.

These boys didn't look so happy,
Neither did they look like bums;
They both were walking very slow
And one was chewing gum.

These Freshmen had not a great career,
For soon they left our school,
And it wasn't because they looked like lice
Nor because they cut the fool.

Now it wasn't teachers that killed these boys,
Nor lessons that shortened their breath,
But one fool swallowed his chewing gum
And tickled the other poor fool to death.

—C. B., '21.

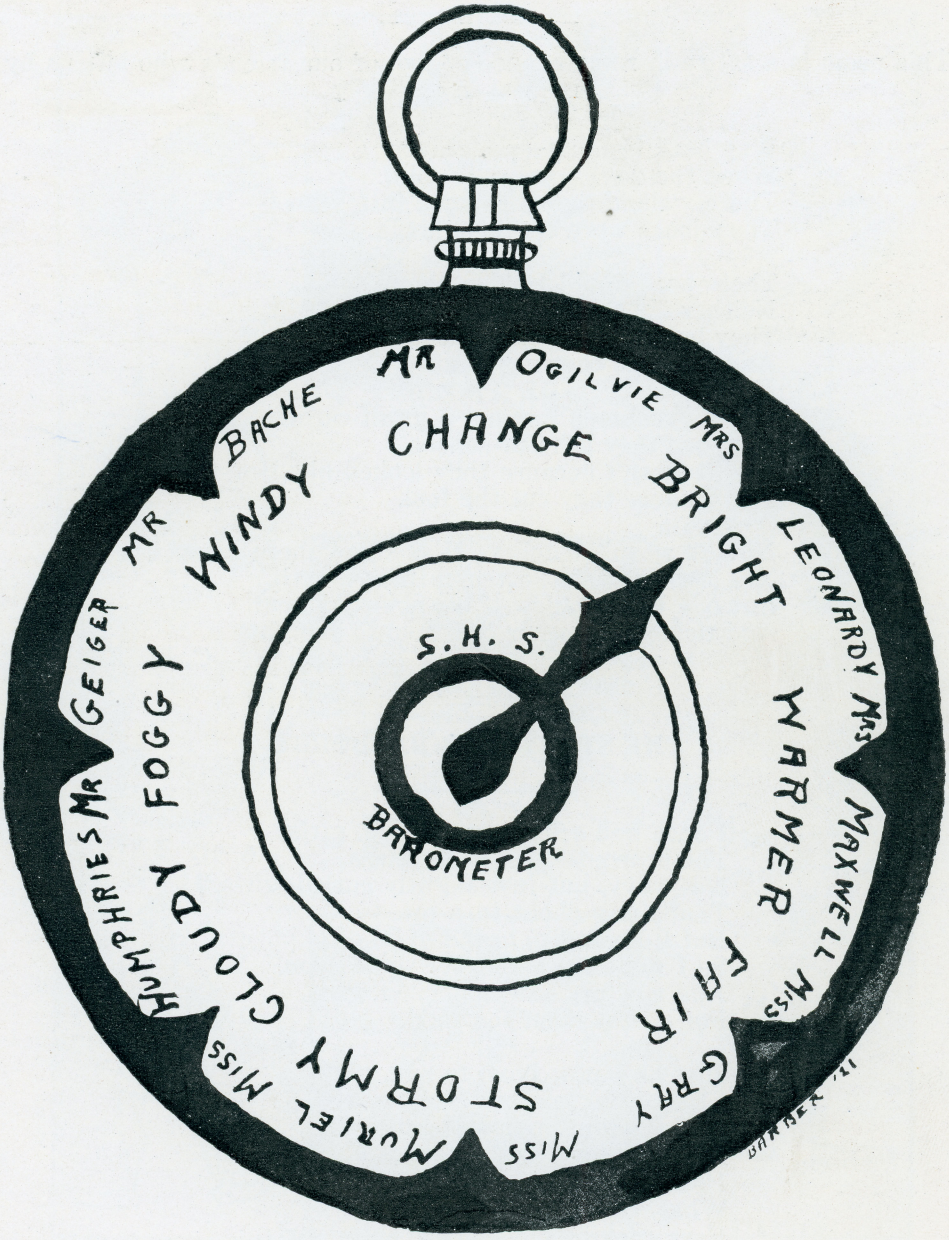
THE STORY OF BOLD BOBBY

I once had a little more hair, girls,
The brownest hair in the class.
Not wavy, but just slightly curled, girls,
That hung about in a mass.
But I decided to be rid of it, girls,
So I went to the barber's one noon,
And now my hair is bobbed, girls,
For he cut it off too soon.

Just as I now have to say, girls,
I heard the scissors click,
And then my hair was gone, girls,
And it almost made me sick.
I grabbed the mirror at once, girls.
What, O what did I see.
Ears sticking out on both sides, girls,
That's what happened to me!

—R. V., '23.

Salamagundi



Salamagundi



Note—I, the editor, have insisted that the Staff Artist carefully label the folowing columns as jokes. I had a hard time getting these jokes, dry enough, they were seedy like watermelons, and reminded one of a tack with the point always visible. School life at Sanford High is a serious affair, and not to be taken lightly, as the others will tell you, so.

The search for these jokes made me wish I was dead,
And now I am bald with no hair on my head.

Your exhausted Joke Editor,
RUBY HART.

JOKES

Mr. Bache, in Chemistry—"When you cool a gas, you liquify it, and when you heat a liquid,—"

Bright student, interrupting—"You gassify it."

* * *

Soph.—"How many subjects are you carrying?"

Freshie—"I'm carrying one and dragging three."

* * *

Card game of.....Poker
Queen of Hearts.....Ruby
King of Spades.....Track Boys
Queen of Diamonds.....Erminia
King of Clubs.....Prof.
Otis is the.....Joker

Salamagundi

Prof. reading diary—"In Scotland you can get any kind of drink you want in any hotel, for in every hotel there are spirits."
Freshie—"Ghosts??"

* * *

Mrs. Maxwell on coming home one afternoon found Richard in the preserves. After giving him a whipping she sent him up-stairs under the bed. When Mr. Maxwell came home that night she sent him up-stairs to bring Richard down. When he started to crawl under the bed after him, Richard hollowed—"Is she after you, too, pop?"

* * *

If Otis is a Cobb,
Is Curtis a Barber?

* * *

If Edward hates the girls,
Does Neuton Love-all?

* * *

A student there was
Who was told a lot;
The more he listened
The less he got.

* * *

Miss Muriel in English: "When Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages, what did he reply?"
Otis.—"Nr, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

* * *

The Juniors are a thrifty bunch,
They put our class to shame;
They have the stuff you call the punch
But we got there just the same.

* * *

Mr. Bache.—"So, sir, you said that I was a learned jackass, did you?"
Bright Freshie.—"No, sir, I merely remarked that you were a burro of information."

* * *

Miss Muriel.—"What were some of the professions that Goldsmith undertook?"
Charlie.—"He took medicine."

* * *

Miss Muriel in English.—"I didn't expect your note books today for I hadn't corrected some of them such as Charles and Helen and some of these other girls—"

Salamagundi

Byron (after receiving severe lecture)—"Miss Muriel, how do you live up to all your mottos?"
Miss Muriel.—"Do as I tell you, not as I do."
Byron (disgustedly)—"Another motto."

* * *

Miss Muriel (to Arthur Moore)—"What is meant by your 'apathy'?"
Arthur (in surprise)—"Didn't know I had one."

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi (to Ed. Moye)—"Ed. how many comparisons are there?"
Ed.—"Three."
Mrs. Leonardi.—"What are they?"
Ed.—"First, second and third."

* * *

Miss Muriel (sharply to Wallace meaning a reproof to him for paying attention to what he shouldn't)—"What is it Wallace?"
Wallace—"That's what I'm trying to find out."

* * *

Ed. told the shy maid of his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for many weeks.

* * *

Student—"Miss Gray plays in chapel every morning now."
Outsider.—"I didn't know she was such a musician—what does she play?"
Student.—"The Victrola."

* * *

Our Cynic Just Likes to Be Contrary

Here's how he answers Dr. Hyman:
Believe in Sanford? You bet I do—all agony is real.
Build in Sanford? Air castles don't cost me anything anyway.
Beautify Sanford? By living here—that's easy.
Boost for Sanford? Might as well, can't hurt it any.

* * *

Prof.—"Close your books."
Fay—"Never had mine open."
Prof.—"That's probably true."

* * *

Otis to one twin: "Mary, how old are you?"
Mary: "I'm twenty."
Otis: "How old is Martha?"
Mary: "She's twenty, too."

Salamagundi

It takes Miss Humphries near a Victrola to be our record breaker.

* * *

Advice to the Freshmen

When taking hold of examenthylane don't let the pentacrious varpligtige ichthyrlatry get the upper hand of your icosidobecahedron or improvirsatrice. On the indigoferous attitude at which you undertake the esophagocutaneous excopitable of the diabology of the entomophthoracean dexterosinistra. And when you play a record on the electra chronograph just remember that you should not use big words.

* * *

Otis in Geometry: "I couldn't get these problems today."

Walter.—"You can't expect to get plane Geometry into solid heads."

* * *

Miss Gray (showing off her brightest pupil to distinguished visitor)—"Now, Victor, what do we do first when we want to add fractions?"

Brilliant response.—"Why, just add 'em, that's all—add 'em."

* * *

Mr. Bache.—"I want you to write about a page on the common electric bell."

Richard Frank.—"Why, man, all that I've learned in General Science this year wouldn't cover a page yet."

* * *

Geometry Class Complains of Amount of Study.

Prof. Olgivie.—"Why you all don't know what study is, some mathematicians work days and days on propositions."

Florence H.—"Yes, and I'll bet their faces are full of broken lines, too."

* * *

Mr. Bache (in Chemistry).—"Zillah, what is density?"

Zillah (after the whole class didn't know).—"That's us."

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi (to those at the board).—"That is all now, sit down, right where you are."

* * *

A Junior flunked his math. exam.
Because he could not pass;
And now he is a Junior still,
Alas! Alas! Alas!

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi (in Spanish).—"Leonard, give me the rule for apocopation."

Studious Leonard.—"I haven't got it."

Salamagundi

Miss Muriel.—"Next month's assignment will be the reading of Hawthorne's 'House of the Seven Gables'."
William F.—"Can't we get copies at the 10c Store?"
Byron.—"You don't mean to tell me that's a dime novel?"

* * *

Mrs. Maxwell (to Juniors on Exam. day).—"Tie your pony outside. You can't ride here today."

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi (who had attended a Japanese lecture was telling her class about the books for sale there: "I would have bought one," said she, "but I put all my money in my complexion." (collection).

* * *

Mrs. Maxwell: "What is an idiom?"
Blanch Wray.—"Why that's a person who hasn't any sense."

* * *

Mr. Geiger (in Freshman History).—"What was the condition of the three social classes?"
Ed. Rumph.—"There was a jealousy between the Plain, the Shore, and Mountain still, and—"
"Bud" Howard: "You don't mean mountain still, you mean the moonshine still on the mountain."

* * *

Mr. Bache (in General Science).—"Tomorrow I want you to write about two hundred words on water—"
Sam Fleisher.—"Can't we write it on paper?"

* * *

Mrs. Leonardi: "We have quit shipping all of our oranges out of the state, does anyone know what we do with them?"
Mary Garrison: "Marmalade"!

Salamagundi



Salamagundi

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

We were on our way to Kissimmee one day,
When, sad for "Prof." we were detained on the way;
For a train to pass with all its freight,
Which, of course, made us a little bit late.

Along came a truck with oranges o'erflowing,
Out got "Prof." before we got a-showing,
He reached way over and out went his arms,
His purpose, of course, was to steal an orange.

About this time we were all surprised
To see by our car a man, big and oversized.
Said he, in no gentle tone of voice—
"So by my oranges you think to rejoice?"

Red went "Prof.'s" face, red as a beet,
But some of those oranges he determined to eat.
Said he—"If pay for them, pay I must!"
And right then I know "Prof." had never cussed.

"No," said the man, "but don't do it again,
For stealing people's oranges is a sin."
It's the only time "Prof." was "Caught in the Act",
Don't question this Senior for she knows it's a fact.

—R. H., '21.

Salamagundi

IT'S SANFORD FOR MINE

1

Among the Hills of Florida,
Where skies are ever blue
Old Sanford takes its stand,
The pride of Dixie Land,
And then while the waters
Of Lake Monroe, make ripples in the breeze,—
And rainbows glow with blue and gold,
The words we'll sing are these.

Chorus

Its Sanford for mine,
Sanford for mine,
That's the school I love the best
Here in Sanford, Florida.
The sun always shines,
On that place so fine,
And I'll always say as I say today,
It's Sanford for mine.

2.

Friend-ships form that brave the storm,
Of hard-ships great or small.
Our lives are molded here,
In Sanford High School dear,
And when we enter on the larger
Life in sunshine or in rain,
Our hearts will turn to Sanford High,
And then we'll sing again.

Chorus

—M. E. D., '21.

Salamagundi

THE PSALM OF A SENIOR.

Miss Muriel is my English teacher,
I surely shall flunk.
She maketh me to go to the study hall;
And leadeth me to the office.
Yea, tho' I walk thru my first semester
With many flunks,
When she is with me
Her questions and her talks they discomfort me;
I prepare for exams in the presence of mine enemies;
My grades runneth low;
Surely if I stay in her class room much longer ,
I will dwell in the bug house forever. A Man.

—C. B., '21.

EXTRACTS FROM AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

Mr. Bache.—I discovered America in the famous city of Chattachochee. There's no place like home. You can go there when you can't go any where else (except jail). I want to go back to that tourist town.

Salamagundi

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Physics.—High School.
One credit for three years of Latin.—Otis Cobb
Fire extinguisher.—(The bright trio)—John, Otis, and Rowena.
A hair restorer.—"Prof."
A detective for the Study Hall.—Ask the Seniors.
Another Leap Year.—Helen Chorpening.
One jar of cement for broken heart.—Margaret Ericson.
Preacher and a license.—Newton Lovell.

LOST—

All the leaves from our branch of Knowledge.—Seniors.
One pound of cents.—Geraldine.
Mr. Geiger.—Large reward offered by Freshmen.
A brown "Pony."—A Soph.

FOR SALE—

Several boxes of hair-pins.—Alma Lohnes.
Two dozen fat freckles.—Lizzie Hoolehan.
My recipe for kinky hair.—"Kink" Barber.
My knowledge of English.—Anna Bell Dyson.
Several inches of extra height.—Sara Warren Easterby.

FOR RENT—

One-half of my desk.—Applicant must be young, good-looking, and a girl.—Walter Connelly.

STOLEN—

My chewing gum, between the fourth and fifth periods, from under my desk; only one week old.—Maude Lake.

LOST—STRAYED—OR—STOLEN—

Lip-stick, powder-puff, and mirror. Reward offered.—Elizabeth Flowers.





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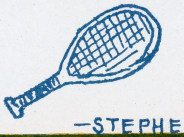

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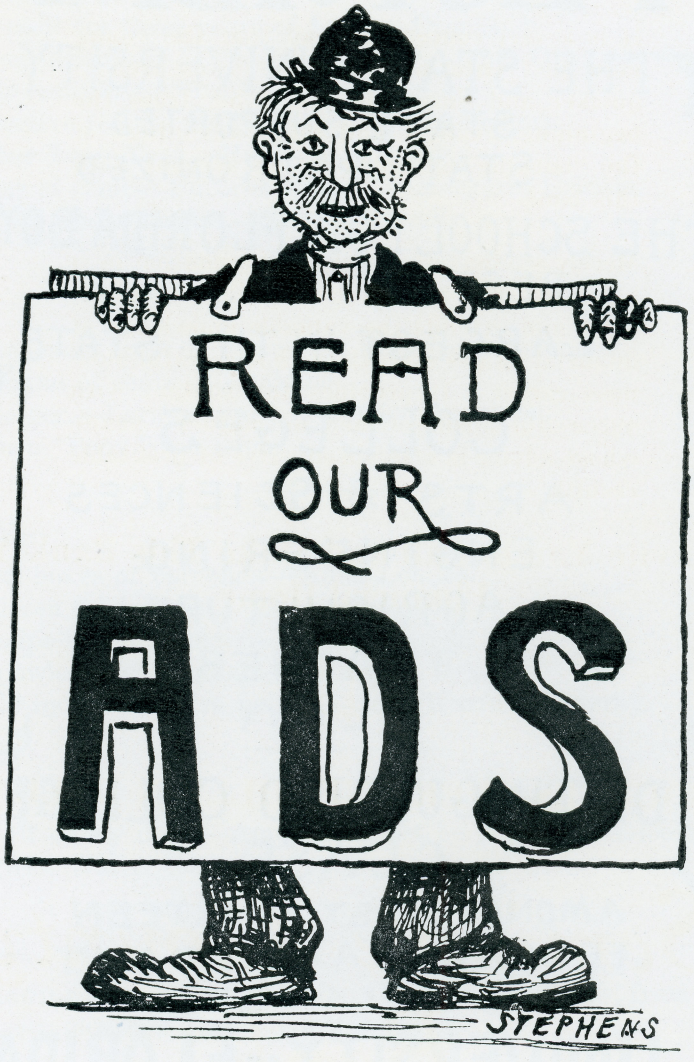



—STEPHENS—

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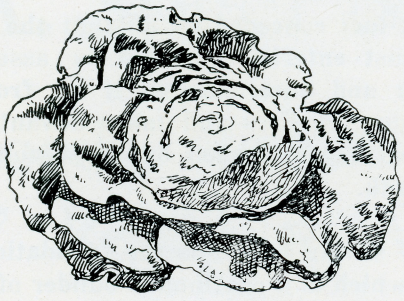
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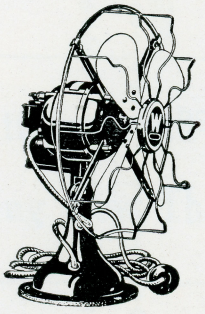
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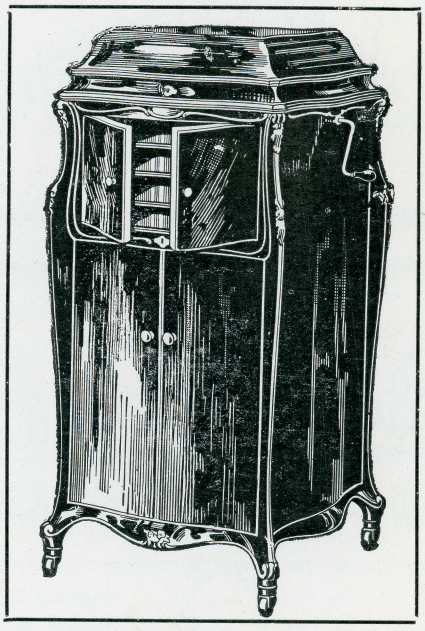
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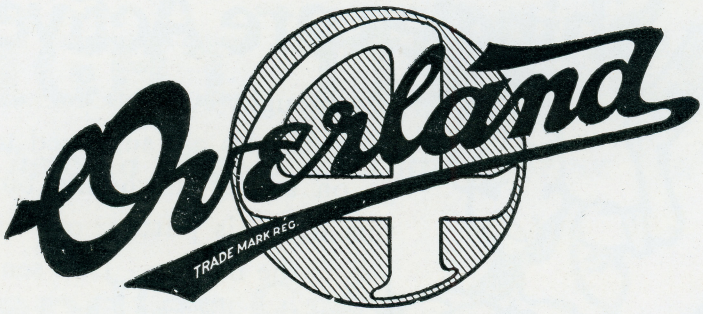
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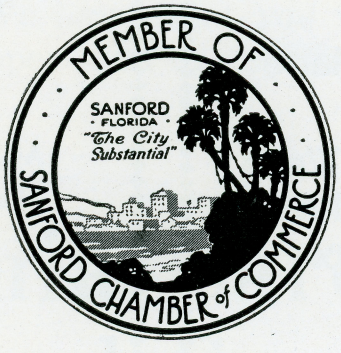
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